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Musae
—
N. 1



Musæ Seatonianæ



A COMPLETE
C O L L E C T I O N
OF THE
CAMBRIDGE PRIZE POEMS,

FROM THE
FIRST INSTITUTION OF THAT PREMIUM BY
The Rev. Mr. THO. SEATON, in 1750,
TO THE PRESENT TIME.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
T W O P O E M S,
LIKEWISE WRITTEN FOR THE PRIZE,
By Mr. B A L L Y and Mr. S C O T T.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY T. WRIGHT FOR G. PEARCH;
J. JOHNSON, AT NO. 72. IN ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH-YARD; AND J. & T. MERRILL,
CAMBRIDGE.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

Portug (Eng.)

ADVERTISEMENT.

IF the present Age is not celebrated for Poetical Genius, it is remarkable for Poetical Taste, even the most refined. Numerous Poems might be adduced in proof of this, but none with greater propriety than those contained in the following Collection.

A DESIGN was formed some time ago to collect all the Poems which gained Mr. SEATON'S Prize; but it was either interrupted or neglected. The design was too laudable to be entirely laid aside; we have therefore resumed it. We felt for the cause of Literature when we saw scattered in obscure corners, Poems which have done so much honour to their Authors, and which have so faithfully answered the intention of the
pious

pious Donor, by inculcating and embellishing the great truths of the Christian Religion.

It may be necessary to observe, that the following is a complete collection of all the Prize-Poems, some of which were become very scarce. In the years 1766, 1769, and 1771, no Poems were published for the Prize. We have added Two Poems to the Collection which were written for the Prize, but, in the estimation of the Judges, were not supposed to deserve it. The Poems, however, have great merit, and as such we thought them intitled to the station they possess.

We deemed this no improper opportunity to give the world some account of Mr. SEATON ; a man who is generally known to it only by his liberality in the cause of Religion and the Muses ; but our researches have been unequal to the task. It is remarkable, that the history of a public-spirited Man should have been sunk in the shallow gulph
of

of little more than twenty years; for the Anecdotes of his life which are known are but few, and indeed not very interesting.

THE Reverend Mr. THOMAS SEATON was born at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, about the year 1684; and, after passing the usual time at the usual studies, was admitted, in 1701, a Sizer of Clare-Hall in the University of Cambridge, under the tuition of Mr. Clarke, the then Bedel of the University. Three years after, while Bachelor of Arts, he was admitted Scholar of that College, and at the end of the subsequent three years he acquired a Fellowship. Here he resided fifteen or sixteen years; in the course of which he wrote, among other little things, a Pamphlet against Whiston on the Eternity of the Son of God. In 1721 he resigned his Fellowship, and went to reside at his living in Northamptonshire, to which he had been presented by the late Lord Nottingham, whose Chaplain he was. Here he married,
and

and possessed the universal good-wishes of his parish till his death. He was a man assiduous in promoting the cause of Religion, because he loved it; and he gave no small testimony of his attachment to it in his Will, from which the following clause is extracted :

“ I GIVE my Killingsbury estate to the
 “ University of Cambridge for ever; the
 “ rents of which shall be disposed of yearly
 “ by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being,
 “ as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of
 “ Clare-Hall, and the Greek Professor for
 “ the time being, or any two of them, shall
 “ agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall
 “ give out a subject, which subject shall, for
 “ the first year, be one or other of the Per-
 “ fections or Attributes of the Supreme
 “ Being, and so the succeeding years, till
 “ the subject is exhausted; and afterwards
 “ the subject shall be either Death, Judg-
 “ ment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart,
 “ &c.

“ &c. or whatsoever else may be judged by
“ the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare-Hall,
“ and Greek Professor, to be most conducive
“ to the honour of the Supreme Being and
“ recommendation of Virtue. And they
“ shall yearly dispose of the rent of the
“ above estate to that Master of Arts,
“ whose Poem on the subject given shall
“ be best approved by them. Which Poem
“ I ordain to be always in English, and to
“ be printed; the expence of which shall
“ be deducted out of the product of the
“ estate, and the residue given as a reward
“ for the Composer of the Poem, or Ode,
“ or Copy of Verses.”



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St. Paul's Church-Yard,



ON THE
E T E R N I T Y
OF THE
S U P R E M E B E I N G.

BY
CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

M D C C L.



B

18 June 1840



ON THE
E T E R N I T Y
OF THE
S U P R E M E B E I N G.

HAIL, word'rous Being, who in power supreme
Exists from everlasting, whose great name
Deep in the human heart, and every atom
The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains,
In undecypher'd characters is wrote—
INCOMPREHENSIBLE!— O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove
Thro' the vast concave of th' ætherial round)?
If to the Heaven of Heavens they wing their way
Adventurous, like the birds of night they're lost,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.—

B 2

May

4 ETERNITY OF THE SUPREME BEING,

May then the youthful, uninspired Bard
Presume to hymn th' Eternal ; may he soar
Where Seraph and where Cherubin on high
Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand Chorus mix his feeble voice ?

He may—if Thou, who from the witless babe
Ordainest honour, glory, strength, and praise,
Uplift th' unpinion'd Muse, and deign'st t'assist,
GREAT POET OF THE UNIVERSE, his song.

Before this earthly Planet wound her course
Round Light's perennial fountain ; before Light
Herself 'gan shine, and at th' inspiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day ;
Before the Morning-Stars together sang,
And hail'd Thee Architect of countless worlds ;
Thou art—all-glorious, all-beneficent,
All Wisdom and Omnipotence thou art.

But is the æra of Creation fix'd
At when these worlds began ? Could aught retard
Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing ever,
Or keep th' immense Artificer in sloth ?
Avaunt the dust-directed crawling thought,
That Puissance immeasurably vast,

And

And Bounty-inconceivable, could rest
 Content, exhausted with one week of action—
 No—in th' exertion of thy righteous power,
 Ten thousand times more active than the Sun,
 Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
 Systems innumerable, matchless all,
 All stamp'd with thine uncounterfeited seal.

But yet (if still to more stupendous heights
 The Muse unblam'd her aching sense may strain)
 Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
 The best of Beings on the noblest theme
 Might ruminate at leisure, Scope immense
 Th' eternal Power and Godhead to explore,
 And with itself th' omniscient mind replete.
 This were enough to fill the boundless All,
 This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme !
 Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few,
 Of spirits inferior, he might greatly plan
 The two prime Pillars of the Universe,
 Creation and Redemption—and a while
 Pause—with the grand presentiments of glory.

Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
 All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity.—
 O Thou, whose ways to wonder at's distrust,

Whom to describe's presumption (all we can—
And all we may—) be glorified, be prais'd.

A Day shall come, when all this Earth shall perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos ; it shall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves ; and mutual rage,
To make Perdition triumph ; it shall come
When the capacious atmosphere above
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vanish into void ; the earth beneath
Shall sever to the center, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.
Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now ? Ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell ; will a few drops suffice
To quench the inextinguishable fire ?
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the cedars
Are lessen'd into shrubs, magnificent piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual ; Athos, where ;
Where, Tenerif's thy stateliness to-day ?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to these ?—No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.

Nor

Nor shall the verdant vallies then remain
Safe in their meek submission ; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andalusia ; but for thee
More largely and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion, O my country ! Thou must join,
In vain dissever'd from the rest, must join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day ;
Nor thou, fair queen of night ; nor you, ye stars,
Tho' million leagues and million still remote,
Shall yet survive that day ; Ye must submit,
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.

But tho' the earth shall to the center perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos ; tho' the air
With all the elements must pass away,
Vain as an idiot's dream ; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales must to perdition yield ;
Tho' the gilt Sun, and silver-tressed Moon
With all her bright retinue, must be lost ;
Yet Thou, Great Father of the world, surviv'st
Eternal, as thou wert : Yet still survives

The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.

He comes ! He comes ! the awful tramp I hear ;
The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
I see ! He comes ! th' Archangel from above.
" Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
" Awake incorruptible and arise :
" From east to west, from the Antarctic pole
" To regions Hyperborean, all ye sons,
" Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of Heaven—
" Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
" Awake incorruptible and arise."

'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home ; and like the ark,
Fix'd on the mountain-top, shall look aloft
O'er the vague passage of precarious life ;
And, winds and waves and rocks and tempests past,
Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heaven :
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul
Shall justly know its nature and its rise :
'Tis then the human tongue new-tun'd shall give
Praises more worthy the Eternal ear.
Yet what we can, we ought ;—and therefore Thou,
Purge Thou my heart, Omnipotent and Good !

Purge

Purge Thou my heart with hyssop, lest like Cain
 I offer fruitless sacrifice, and with gifts
 Offend and not propitiate the Ador'd.
 Tho' Gratitude were blest with all the powers
 Her bursting heart could long for, tho' the swift,
 The fiery-wing'd Imagination soar'd
 Beyond Ambition's wish—yet all were vain
 To speak Him as he is, who is *INEFFABLE*.
 Yet still let Reason thro' the eye of Faith
 View Him with fearful love ; let Truth pronounce,
 And Adoration on her bended knee
 With heaven-directed hands confess His reign.
 And let the Angelic, Archangelic band
 With all the Hosts of Heaven, Cherubic forms,
 And forms Seraphic, with their silver trumps
 And golden lyres attend :—" For Thou art holy,
 " For Thou art One, th' Eternal, who alone
 " Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise."

ON

ON THE
I M M E N S I T Y
OF THE
S U P R E M E B E I N G.

BY
CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

M D C C L I.

ON THE
IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

ONCE ~~more~~ I dare to rouse the founding string,
THE POET OF MY GOD—Awake, my glory,
Awake, my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.

Lift ye! how Nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow-subjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your Mattins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.

O Thou, who or the Lambkin, or the Dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'st to Pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean Essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of Glory' immense the Orphan's mite exclude.

What

What tho' the Almighty's regal throne he rais'd
 High o'er yon azure Heaven's exalted dome,
 By mortal eye unkenn'd—where East, nor West,
 Nor South, nor blustering North has breath to blow ;
 Albeit He there with Angels and with Saints
 Hold conference, and to His radiant host
 Ev'n face to face stand visibly confest ;
 Yet know, that nor in Presence or in Power
 Shines He less perfect here ; 'tis Man's dim eye
 That makes th' obscurity. He is the same,
 Alike in all his Universe the same.

Whether the Mind along the spangled sky
 Measures her pathless walk, studious to view
 Thy works of vaster fabric, where the Planets
 Weave their harmonious rounds, their march directing
 Still faithful, still inconstant to the Sun ;
 Or where the Comet thro' space infinite
 (Tho' whirling worlds oppose in globes of fire)
 Darts, like a javelin, to his distant goal ;
 Or where in Heaven above, the Heaven of Heavens,
 Burn brighter Suns, and goodlier Planets roll
 With Satellites more glorious—Thou art there.

Or whether on the Ocean's boisterous back
 Thou ride triumphant, and with out-stretch'd arm

Curb

Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows,
The suppliant Sailor finds Thee there, his chief,
His only help—When Thou rebuk’st the storm—
It ceases—and the vessel gently glides
Along the glassy level of the calm.

O! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending; there thy works
Would also speak thy residence; and there
Would I thy servant, like the still profound,
Astonish’d into silence muse thy praise!
Behold! behold! the unplanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay,
And shrubs of amber from the pearl-pav’d bottom
Rise richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high above their heads Leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The Ocean’s vast dominion all his own.

Hence thro’ the genial bowels of the earth,
Easy may Fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant’s imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her Maker’s glory.

Next

Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
 Where the rich ruby (deem'd by Sages old
 Of Sovereign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,
 And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
 To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
 Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
 The Agat and the deep-intrenched gem
 Of kindred Jasper—Nature in them both
 Delights to play the Mimic on herself;
 And in their veins she oft portrays the forms
 Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and streams
 Now stealing softly on, now thundering down
 In desperate cascade, with flowers and beasts,
 And all the living landskip of the vale:
 In vain thy pencil, Claudio or Poussin,
 Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
 Such skill to imitate—it is the hand
 Of God himself—for God himself is there.

Hence with the ascending springs let me advance
 Thro' beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,
 Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge
 Th' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
 That dares to call th' Horizon all her own.
 Behold the forest, and the expansive verdure
 Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth-shorn sod

No

No object interrupts, unless the oak
 His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
 Extends—Behold in regal solitude,
 And pastoral magnificence, he stands
 So simple ! and so great ! the under-wood
 Of meaner rank an awful distance keep,
 Yet Thou art there, yet God himself is there
 Ev'n on the bush (tho' not as when to Moses
 He shone in burning majesty reveal'd),
 Nathless conspicuous in the Linnet's throat
 Is his unbounded goodness—Thee her Maker,
 Thee her Preserver chaunts she in her song ;
 While all the emulative vocal tribe
 The grateful lesson learn—no other voice
 Is heard, no other sound—for, in attention
 Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains, where th' unbounded prospect
 Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,
Turn we to yon enclosures, where appears
 Chequer'd Variety in all her forms,
 Which the vague mind attract and still suspend
 With sweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
 The work of labouring man and clumsy art,
 Seen with the ring-dove's nest ?—On that tall beech
 Her penfile house the feather'd Artist builds—

C

The

The rocking winds molest her not ; for see,
With such due poize the wond'rous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself, and stedfast ev'n in storms.
Thou ideot, that asserts there is no God,
View, and be dumb for ever —
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry
To blush with just vermilion—Hence away—
Hence, ye prophane ! for God himself is here.
Vain were th' attempt, and impious to trace
Thro' all his works th' Artificer Divine—
And tho' nor shining sun, nor twinkling star
Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky ;
Tho' neither vegetable, beast, nor bird
Were extant on the surface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath ; tho' the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its maker ;
Yet man at home, within himself, might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power—
I see, and I adore— O God most bounteous!

O in-

O infinite of Goodness and of Glory!
The knee, that thou hast shap'd, shall bend to Thee;
The tongue, which thou hast tun'd, shall chaunt thy praise;
And, thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever.



ON THE
O M N I S C I E N C E
OF THE
S U P R E M E B E I N G.

BY
CHRISTOPHER SMART, M.A.

M D C C L I I.



O N T H E

OMNISCIENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

ARISE, divine Urania, with new strains
 To hymn thy God ! and thou, immortal Fame,
 Arise, and blow thy everlasting trump !
 All glory to the Omniscient, and praise,
 And power, and domination in the height !
 And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
 To pious ears sounds filverly so sweet,
 Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
 And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.
 Thou too, my Heart, whom He, and He alone
 Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,
 Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself
 A living sacrifice before his throne !
 And may th' eternal, high mysterious tree,
 That in the center of the arched Heavens
 Bears the rich fruit of Knowledge, with some branch
 Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil !

C 4

When

When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay
 A senseless embryo, then my soul thou knew'st,
 Knew'st all her future workings, every thought,
 And every faint idea yet unform'd.

When up the imperceptible ascent
 Of growing years, led by thy hand, I rose,
 Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
 Insensibly to day, thou didst vouchsafe,
 And taught me by that reason thou inspir'dst,
 That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
 Imperfect, incorrect—in Thee is wond'rous,
 Uncircumscrib'd, unsearchably profound,
 And estimable solely by itself.

What is that secret power, that guides the brutes,
 Which Ignorance calls instinct? 'Tis from Thee,
 It is the operation of thine hands
 Immediate, instantaneous; 'tis thy Wisdom,
 That glorious shines transparent thro' thy works.
 Who taught the Pye, or who forewarn'd the Jay
 To shun the deadly nightshade? Tho' the cherry
 Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plum
 Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye,
 Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoy'd
 By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
 They know to taste is fatal, whence alarm'd

Swift

Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.
 Go to, proud reas'ner philosophic Man,
 Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge? — No.
 Full many a race has fell into the snare
 Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface ;
 And oft in desert isles the famish'd pilgrim
 By forms of fruit, and luscious taste beguil'd,
 Like his forefather Adam, eats and dier.
 For why? his wisdom on the leaden feet
 Of slow Experience, dally tedious, creeps,
 And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.

The venerable Sage, that nightly trims
 The learned lamp, t'investigate the powers
 Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
 And the dark regions of the fossil world,
 Grows old in following what he ne'er shall find ;
 Studious in vain ! till haply, at the last
 He spies a mist, then shapes it into mountains,
 And baseless fabrics from conjecture builds :
 While the domestic animal, that guards
 At midnight hours his threshold, if oppress'd
 By sudden sickness, at his master's feet
 Begs not that aid his services might claim,
 But is his own physician, knows the case,
 And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.

Hark,

Hark from afar the feather'd matron * screams,
 And all her brood alarms ! The docile crew
 Accept the signal one and all, expert
 In th' art of Nature and unlearn'd deceit :
 Along the sod, in counterfeited death,
 Mute, motionless they lie ; full well appriz'd,
 That the rapacious adversary's near.
 But who inform'd her of th' approaching danger ?
 Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk
 Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her destruction ?
 Her own prophetic soul is active in her,
 And more than human providence her guard.

When Philomela, ere the cold domain
 Of crippled Winter 'gins t' advance, prepares
 Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
 Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot ?
 Who points her passage thro' the pathless void
 To realms from us remote, to us unknown ?
 Her science is the science of her God.
 Not the magnetic index to the North
 E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon :
 She, Heaven-taught voyager, that sails in air,
 Courts nor coy West nor East, but instant knows
 What Newton † or not fought, or fought in vain.

Illus.

* The Hen Turkey.

† The Longitude,

Illustrious name ! irrefragable proof
Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul !
Yet what wert thou to Him, who knew his works
Before creation form'd them, long before
He measur'd in the hollow of his hand
Th' exulting Ocean, and the highest Heavens
He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd
The mighty mountains in his golden scales ;
Who shone supreme, who was himself the light,
Ere yet Refraction learn'd her skill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow,

When Knowledge at her father's dread command
Resign'd to Israel's king her golden key,
O ! to have join'd the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon descanting on the brutes,
O ! how sublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour, and good will to man,
That wisdom he alone of men possess'd
In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare.
How did he rouse the pamper'd filken sons
Of bloated Ease, by placing to their view
The sage industrious Ant, the wisest insect,
And best œconomist of all the field !
Tho' she presumes not by the solar orb .

T.

To measure times and seasons, nor consulta
Chaldean calculations, for a guide;
Yet conscious that December's on the march,
Pointing with icy hand to Want and Woe,
She waits his dire approach, and undismay'd
Receives him as a welcome guest, prepar'd
Against the charlish Winter's fiercest blow.
For when, as yet the favourable Sun
Gives to the genial earth th' enlivening ray,
Not the poor suffering slave, that hourly toils
To rive the groaning earth for ill-fought gold,
Endures such trouble, such fatigue, as she;
While all her subterraneous avenues,
And storm-proof cells with management most meet
And unexampled housewifery she forms:
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
Burden immense! she bears the cumbrous corn.
Then many a weary step, and many a strain,
And many a grievous groan subdued, at length
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home:
Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
With subtle tooth the grain, lest from her garner
In mischievous fertility it steal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way.
Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.

But

But if thy deaden'd sense, and listless thought
More glaring evidence demand ; behold,
Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
A yet untopied model to the world !
There Machiavel in the reflecting glass
May read himself a fool. The Chemist there
May with astonishment invidious view
His toils out-done by each plebeian Bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs, and from discordant flowers,
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.

Avaunt, Conceit, Ambition, take thy flight
Back to the Prince of vanity and air !
O ! 'tis a thought of energy most piercing ;
Form'd to make Pride grow humble ; form'd to force
Its weight on the reluctant Mind, and give her
A true but irksome image of herself.
Woeful vicissitude ! when Man, fall'n Man,
Who first from Heaven, from gracious God himself
Learn'd knowledge of the Brutes, must know, by Brutes
Instructed and reproach'd, the scale of being ;
By slow degrees from lowly steps ascend,
And trace Omniscience upwards to its spring !
Yet murmur not, but praise—for tho' we stand
Of many a Godlike privilege amerc'd

By

By Adam's dire transgression ; tho' no more
 Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal
 Hang in terrific pomp the burning blade ;
 Still with ten thousand beauties blooms the Earth
 With pleasures populous, and with riches crown'd,
 Still is there scope for wonder and for love
 Ev'n to their last exertion—showers of blessings
 Far more than human virtue can deserve,
 Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
 Then, O ye People, O ye Sons of Men,
 Whatever be the colour of your lives,
 Whatever portion of itself his Wisdom
 Shall deign t' allow, still patiently abide,
 And praise him more and more ; nor cease to chaunt
 " ALL GLORY TO TH' OMNISCIENT, AND PRAISE,
 " AND POWER, AND DOMINATION IN THE HEIGHT !
 " And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
 " To pious ears sounds filverly so sweet,
 " Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
 " And with thy choicest stores the altar crown."

T Ω ● E Ω Δ O E A,



ON THE
P O W E R
OF THE
S U P R E M E B E I N G.

BY
CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

M DCC LIII.





ON THE

POWER OF THE SUPREME BEING.

"TREMBLE, thou Earth!" th' anointed poet said,
 "At God's bright presence, tremble, all ye mountains!
 "And all ye hillocks on the surface bound!"
 Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll!
 The Muse with transport hears ye; once again
 Convulse the solid continent! and shake,
 Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles!
 'Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of Power,
 'Tis thy terrific voice; all Nature hears it
 Awaken'd and alarm'd; she feels its force;
 In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
 And every movement of her vast machine.
 Behold! quakes Apennine; behold! recoils
 Athos; and all the hoary-headed Alps
 Leap from their bases at the godlike sound.
 But what is this, celestial tho' the note,

D

And

And proclamation of the reign supreme,
 Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear
 Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds,
 Should Ocean to his congregated waves
 Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
 And with the watry world down an huge rock
 Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,
 'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
 When Zephyr faints upon the lily's breast,
 'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
 When the last lingering undulation
 Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds.
 So mighty ! so stupendous ! so divine !

But not alone in the ærial vault
 Does He the dread theocracy maintain ;
 For oft, enrag'd with his intestine thunders,
 He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
 And shocks the central magnet—Cities then
 Totter on their foundations, stately columns,
 Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.
 What tho' in haughty eminence erect
 Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance
 On adverse hosts, tho' many a bastion jut
 Forth from the rampart's elevated mound,
 Vain the poor providence of human art,

A

And mortal strength how vain ! while underneath
Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamour inconceivable uptorn,
And hurl'd adown th' abyfs. Sulphureous pyrites
Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,
With din outrageous and destructive ire,
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflictive ear, and terrifies the eye,
And rends the heart in twain. Twice have we felt,
Within Augusta's walls twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation ; but ev'n Thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever ;
Thy goodness infinite but mildly warn'd us
With mercy-blended wrath : O spare us still,
Nor send more dire conviction ! We confess
That thou art He, th' Almighty : we believe.
For at thy righteous power whole systems quake,
For at thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.

Hark ! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is and is not in a moment—hark !
On th' hurricane's tempestuous sweep he rides
Invincible, and oaks and pines and cedars
And forests are no more. For, conflict dreadful !
The West encounters East, and Notus meets

D 2

In

In his career the Hyperborean blast.
The lordly lions shuddering seek their dens,
And fly like timorous deer ; the king of birds,
Who dar'd the solar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints and falls and dies ;—while He supreme
Stands stedfast in the center of the storm.

Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs
Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows, hail ! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.

Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
That wooes the yielding needle ; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, invifible
Ev'n to the mental eye ; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric sphere affaults thy frame,
Shew me the hand that dealt it !—Baffled here
By his Omnipotence, Philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And ftands, with all his circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn in th' etherial fpace
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If such the operations of his power,
Which at all seasons and in every place
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)
Arrest th' attention ; Who ! O Who shall tell
His acts miraculous ? when his own decrees
Repeals he, or suspends, when by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic seers, such deeds he wrought,
Before th' astonish'd Sun's all-seeing eye,
That Faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
Lost in the reflux of the watry walls,
That melted to their fluid state again ?
Need I recount how Sampson's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerves was strung t' o'erthrow
Idoltrous Philistia ? Shall I tell
How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd ?
—But, O supreme, unutterable mercy !
O love unequall'd, mystery immense,
Which angels long t' unfold ! 'tis man's redemption
That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms,
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
Shone forth the Sun of Righteousness reveal'd,
And on benighted reason pour'd the day ;

D 3

Let

“ Let there be peace (he said) !” and all was calm
Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea
When, “ O be still, ye boisterous Winds !” he cried,
And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
Victorious o’er the universal foe,
And Death and Sin and Hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
Were ty’d to him for ever.—O how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
’Tis ecstasy to bear ! Him, blessed Shepherd,
His flocks shall follow thro’ the maze of life
And shades that tend to Day-spring from on high ;
And as the radiant roses after fading,
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
Revive in smiling Spring, so shall it fare
With those that love him—for sweet is their favour,
And all Eternity shall be their spring.
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
At which the KING OF GLORY enters in,
Be to the Saints unbar’d : and there, where pleasure
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope

Is

Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him, who is, and was,
And in immortal prowess King of Kings,
Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever.



D 4

O N

ON THE
J U S T I C E
OF THE
S U P R E M E B E I N G.

BY
GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

M DCC LIV.



O N T H E

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

O THOU, whose Justice awes the moral World,
 Dread Judge, and Governor supreme ! thine eye,
 Thro' the vast amplitude of space diffus'd,
 No action 'scapes, no thought that bubbling springs
 In the heart's troubled deep. In vain the Wretch,
 Specious in borrow'd vizard, lifts his front
 Triumphant : Thee no artificial glofs
 Deceives : the Monster walks beneath thy ken
 Foul with unnumber'd spots. His deeds are noted
 In thy eternal volumes to confound
 His guilt : tho' now perhaps he wanton basks
 In Fortune's sunny smiles, and laughs disdainful
 At Virtue, pin'd with penury and cold.
 Nathless, when this dark sublunary plot,
 Which now with seeming intricacies mocks
 Our busy search, amazingly to view

Shall

Shall stand unravell'd in th' all-closing scene,
 The Caitiff, at the curtain's fall, shall bleed ;
 And Men and Angel-Choirs applausive laud
 Th' unerring rectitude of all thy ways.

O may the Poet then, whose faltering tongue
 Lisps these rude strains, and trembles while he sings
 What asks a Cherub's note, a Seraph's glow,
 This mundane polity by Thee sustain'd
 On the firm basis of eternal right,
 O King, that reign'st for ever ! may He then,
 When Thou the scatter'd Particles shalt call
 His Soul's demolish'd mansion to rebuild,
 Approach thy dread Tribunal unappall'd ;
 May Mercy o'er that Justice then prevail,
 Which here his humble verse essay'd to paint !

With scanty line shall Reason dare to mete
 Th' immeasurable depths of Providence ?
 On the swoln bladders of Opinion borne
 She floats awhile, then floundering sinks absorb'd
 Within that boundless sea she strove to grasp.
 Shall Man, here station'd to revere that God
 Who call'd him into being from the dust,
 His moral scheme implead, and impious cite
 Th' Almighty Legislator to the bar

Of

Of erring intellect ; too weak his fight
 To trace each hidden link that knits the chain
 Stupendous ? Hence he labours to depose
 Jehovah from his sovereignty, and lifts
 A blind ideal phantom to the throne.
 Things oft inverted in this turbid mass
 Strike his disgusted eye, and shake his Faith,
 Too prone to shift her compass. Vice he sees
 With gems and Tyrian purple sparkling gay,
 And Virtue mouldering in a dungeon's gloom,

“ Say, is This fitting (cries the doubting Sage) ?
 “ Do these unequal dispensations speak
 “ A wise impartial Ruler of the World ?
 “ Shall earth, shall air, and every element
 “ Be tax'd to furnish the blasphemer's meal,
 “ While Heaven's best votary, who in fervent pray'r
 “ Exhales his soul, the scantiest offal wants
 “ His macerated body to relieve ?”
 Thus Man, whose mind's too narrow to contain
 The vast dimensions of th' harmonious whole,
 From parts, uncomely if asunder view'd,
 Decisive sentence gives. Thou laugh'st above,
 Dread ELONIM, to see him studious weigh
 Thy measures in his balance : Thou whose grasp
 The waters, and whose span the heavens compriz'd.

To

To judge aright how Providence conducts
 The moral system, where a clue is lent
 T' unwind the mystic maze, with cautious steps
 Man must pursue ; each nice gradation scan ;
 Observe how parts, erst opposite, conspire
 In one illustrious concord of design.
 Then every jarring string, which, singly touch'd,
 Grated harsh dissonance on Reason's ear,
 Will speak the graces of th' Almighty hand,
 And in a sweet-ton'd Diapason close:

The Sun of Justice may withdraw his beams
 Awhile from earthly ken, and sit conceal'd
 In dark recess, pavilion'd round with clouds :
 Yet let not Guilt presumptuous rear her crest,
 Nor Virtue droop despondent : soon these clouds,
 Seeming eclipse, will brighten into day,
 And in majestic splendor He will rise
 With healing, and with terror on his wings.

Things in progressive motion cheat our eye,
 Unmark'd the destin'd goal, to which they tend.
 Moses' all-powerful rod, amazing sight!
 A serpent crawls, and darts its forked tongue ;
 But in his hand resum'd, to Israel's sons
 Dispenses blessings, bids th' imprison'd stream

Gust

Gush from the stricken rock, th' obedient sea
 Drive back its reflux waves, and stand a wall
 Condens'd, to yield a passage to his host.
 Thus what we view abhorrent as deform,
 And inconsistent with that faultless rule,
 By which a sapient God each act should square,
 In th' issue will its frightful aspect lose,
 And leave th' all-righteous Sovereign unimpeach'd.

What eye but melts with pity, when it sees
 Joseph's defenceless piety and youth
 To leagu'd fraternal hate a prey expos'd ?
 Shall Israel's darling, nay what's more, shall God's
 With complicated ills be doom'd to strive ?
 Shall a pit yawn for him, yet none for those
 Who plot against his life ? The bargain's struck ;
 Unnatural bargain, where a Brother's sold !
 The seven-mouth'd Nile receives him : here the sky
 Fallacious smiles, to make the gathering cloud
 Burst heavier on his head : the slighted charms
 Of an enamour'd Mistress glow with ire
 Fierce and impetuous as her former lust :
 That stubborn heart must bleed, which would not melt.
 Are chains the meed of Innocence ? Does God
 Exalt his enemies to thrones, depress
 His friends to dungeons ? Impious complaints, away !
 And

And to that Hell, from whence ye rise, repair !
 O'erblown the storm, which only rag'd to speed
 Heaven's chosen vessel to the destin'd port,
 The Hebrew bright emerges. Quick the scene
 Is shifted from a dungeon to a throne.
 Next to the proud Egyptian King he moves
 In his high orb resplendent : lives to strain
 Old Israel in his fond encircling arms,
 To see the typic sheaves in marshall'd ranks,
 His brethren, erst with other passions warm'd,
 Submissive bow their vassal heads before
 His sheaf, that rears aloft it's lordly stem.

Silenc'd be every tongue, that dar'd to breathe
 The rank exuberance of a sensual heart
 In sceptic murmurs : Reason, stand abash'd,
 And, whom thou canst not comprehend, adore !
 If Virtue suffers, 'tis to prove her faith,
 To make abasement gloriously conspire,
 Like Joseph's, to her rise : each stroke she feels,
 But adds new lustre to her massive crown.
 If Vice, unthank'd his feeder, gluts his maw
 With studied dainties, and with riot swells,
 'Tis but a victim fatten'd for the sword
 Of Justice, edg'd to drink his guilty blood.
 A guileful Haman brooding o'er the fate

Of

Of blameless Mordecai, when raptures high
Stretch every vein, and elevate the soul,
When glows the wassel most, and sparkling joy
Laughs in each offer'd cup, O dire reverse !
Shall from the royal banquet to the grave
Be dragg'd unpitied, on that tree expire,
Which for wrong'd innocence his hands had rais'd.

The scheme of Providence, tho' knots perplex'd
O'er the unfolding texture seem to cast
Unpleasing shades, at large disclos'd appears
With lucid order, and coherence crown'd;
So in the folded tapestry, where parts
With gradual openings meet the pausing eye,
Here sprouts a leafy branch, a human foot
There marks the woven ground : all seems a wild,
Mishapen chaos of disjointed forms :
Yet, when in full expanse the web entire
Shews the mixt groupe in orderly array,
The figur'd history well-pleas'd we trace,
Each severall part applaud, but most the whole,

Shall counsels, plann'd by Wisdom infinite,
And by Omnipotence conducted, fail ?
Sooner the Heavens, the fabric of his hands,
Shrunk their extensive cope like shrivell'd parchment,

E

Meltd

Melted to viewless air shall disappear,
 Yea all things into primitive nothing fall,
 Than God's eternal and all-wise decrees
 One jot shall be abolish'd. Flight of days,
 The world obscuring with their shadowy wings,
 Shall o'er his grand designs a lustre throw;
 Shall clear that wondrous, soul-absorbing text,
 Which poring Seraphs puzzles and confounds.

Righteous are all thy ways, O Power Supreme,
 Whether thy patience struggling with thy wrath
 Arrests th' uplifted thunderbolt, that longs
 To lance destruction on the head accurs'd:
 Or whether Piety, to purge her dross
 By sharp assaying fires, thou seest permissive
 Crush'd by Oppression's iron arm, or torn
 By racking maladies, intestine war.
 Orb * within orb involv'd, Thy mystic Wheels,
 On which this politic machine is whirl'd
 Incessant, with no giddy devious flight
 Precipitate their course: with eyes they glow
 Distinct, and in a measur'd orbit move.

To right thy injur'd friends, and blast thy foes,
 Thou counterwork'st Man's purpose, and from ill

Educest

* See Ezekiel, chap. i.

Educest good : as erst thy potent voice,
 Omnific, from the womb of night abhorr'd
 Call'd forth that light, which glads th' invested world.
 A Pharaoh's Daughter, by thy impulse led,
 Shall in a Hebrew babe unweeting rear
 Israel's Redeemer, and her Father's scourge.
 When Jacob's Seed, beside Euphrates' flood,
 With groans responsive to his murmurs, swell
 The current with their tears, and Sion's pride,
 Illustrious Sion wail, in ashes lost ;
 The ravenous Eagle * from the East shall urge
 His rapid flight, and in his talons bear
 Jehovah's thunder : Babylon's tower'd crest
 Shall sink beneath his swoop, while he full-gorg'd
 O'er the Assyrian prey shall clap his plumes,
 Victorious Minister of wrath divine.

Thy throne, O Lord, establish'd on the base
 Of Justice, how tremendous, how benign !
 Here soft-cy'd Cherubim with wings dispre'd
 The mercy-seat infold, and beam on Man,
 Repenting man, compassion and meek love :
 There flaming Seraphs from their pinions shake
 Horror and dire dismay : Thy awful sword,

E 2

Fierce

* Cyrus, see Isaiah, chap. xlv.

Fierce as a comet, blazes in their grasp
High-wav'd, to flash the harden'd rebel dead.

Who can abide thy terrors, Judge severe,
When by repeated provocations warm'd
Thy anger burns, and Mercy strives in vain
To interpose her shield betwixt thy bolt!
Thy trampled laws, bright transcript of Thyself,
And the less Majesty of Heaven's high King,
Who pardon offer'd; pardon but condemn'd!
Bare thy red arm, and edge the vengeful brand,

Who in his milder governance disclaim'd
The living God, shall feel him in his dread
Vindictive Attribute, and trembling own
That Power, whose nod obedient Nature waits,
With all her armaments of snow and wind,
Of battering hail, or wide-devouring fire,
To execute his vengeance: who can forge
The meanest creatures into swords, to foil
The boasts of Kings, and wither all their strength,
What! tho' his wrathful vials in the clouds
Suspended stand awhile, nor burst, as once
O'er a devoted Sodom, or a World,
Whose stains a deluge scarcely wash'd away;
Yet is His arm not shorten'd:—Thou'rt the same,

J E-

J E H O V A H, thro' eternity unchang'd,
Thy eyes too pure, too beamy to behold
Iniquity's foul mist: each thought profane,
Each vile affection must be far remov'd,
Ere we approach thy Sanctuary and live.

Tremble, ye Heavens, and Earth, but chief O Man,
Apostate Man, before a God incens'd!
Justice exacts the debt, but Nature fails,
Mere Human Nature; bankrupt and undone!
God must be righted, or Mankind be lost;
For ever lost, unpitied, unrepriev'd.
Dreadful alternative! heart-chilling thought,
That leads to Desperation's slippery brink!
Who shall the price immense, the ransom pay,
Commensurate to Guilt, and Worth divine?
Who but the King of Kings, the Lord Himself,
The Coeternal, Coessential Son!
He, to appease infinity of wrath,
Must quit the bosom of paternal bliss,
And in a fleshly tabernacle shroud
His plenitude of light. Lord! what is Man,
Corruption's heir, and brother to the worm,
That Thou so kindly labour'st in his weal?
Oh! the excessive depth, th' amazing height
Of Heavenly Wisdom! Justice how severe!

E 3

Mercy

Mercy how tender! from the clouds of ire
Omnipotent distilling balmy dew!

Shall then th' all-perfect and unspotted Lamb
For our transgressions bleed, to death resign
His broken frame, to heal us with his wounds?
Shall the Son groan in bitterness of soul,
Implore his angry Father to remove
The baleful cup, empoison'd with the sins
Of a whole World, and yet shall Man transgress,
Man by His death asserted into life?
O! let us turn repentant to our Sire,
Shake off our sordid lusts, those thorns which gor'd
Our Saviour's temples, and those spikes obscene
That nail'd his sinless body to the cross.
Let God's severity our hearts appall,
Ev'n whilst his kindness clasps us in its arms.
Else will that vocal Blood, which pleads above,
Cry loud for vengeance, and its cries ascend
High as the dread judicial Court of Heaven.

That awful Court who shall escape? The Dead
And Living there shall wait their final doom.
Methinks I see from th' empyrean skies,
Preceded by his bright Angelic Host,
The Judge descend: how chang'd from Him who late

The

The thorny crown, and reedy sceptre bore !
 Glory arrays him ; from his countenance beams
 Splendor ineffable : stars clustering weave
 A rich tiara for His head, who gave
 Their beauteous lamps to shine. Look, Israel, there
 Affrighted, and with dire conviction own
 Thy King triumphant in his cloudy car !
 See the Cross glitter thro' th' enfanguin'd air,
 Proud ensign of his conquest, and thy shame !

Hark ! thro' Heaven's wide reverberating vault
 The clanging Trumpet sounds th' awakening peal.
 Obedient tombs expand their marble jaws,
 And every sad repository hears
 The quickening voice, and renders back its trust
 To light and life ; each particle dispers'd
 Crowds to a heap, and builds th' identic Man.
 Chang'd are the living, and alive the dead.
 Lo ! cited myriads fill th' extended plain,
 And trembling to the Grand Tribunal press.

The Book is open'd, and the seal remov'd ;
 The adamant Book ; where every thought,
 Tho' dawning on the heart, then sunk again
 In the corrupted mass, each act obscure,
 In characters indelible remain.

How vain thy boast, vile Caitiff, to have 'scap'd
 An earthly Forum, now thy crimson stains
 Glare on a congregated World, thy Judge
 Omniscience, and Omnipotence thy Scourge!
 Thy mask, Hypocrisy, how useless here,
 When by a beam, shot from the Fount of Light,
 The varnish'd faint starts up a ghastly fiend!

But Ye of manners blameless, faith approv'd,
 Who a long toilsome warfare have endur'd,
 By fleshly wiles assail'd, yet unsubdu'd;
 Ye who have fair Religion's cause maintain'd,
 Tho' Princes frown'd, and Flames encircling rag'd,
 With front erect approach the throne august.
 See how your Saviour bends his gracious head,
 Smiling unutterable love! The choir
 Of Saints congenial beckon you to bliss,
 And all the glorify'd Assessors burn
 To add your steady phalanx to their roll.

Soon are their wishes, and your labours crown'd:
 For now, your virtue's test, your trial o'er,
 Where every bashful grace, that bloom'd unseen,
 Too delicate to bear the ruffling breath
 Of worldly praise, is brought to light before
 Its best applauders, Angels and their Lord,

The

The Judge with accent mild cries : " Come, Ye Bless'd,
 " Share the unfading pleasures of my realm,
 " Coheirs of bliss, my Sire's adopted sons."
 Strait at that sound the Pious, like a flock
 Of harmless doves, are rapt with ardent wing
 To meet their dear Redeemer in the clouds.

The bellowing convex echoes to the Trump,
 And lo ! the yelling Wicked crowd the bar.
 Settled Despair, and pale Dejection dim
 Each louring aspect : Beauty hides her face,
 And fain would hide her guilt : curs'd Mammon's slave
 Laments his treasures were not there secur'd,
 Where neither moth corrupts, nor rust devours :
 Grim-visag'd Murder with reluctance lifts
 'Th' accusing hand, which Oceans ne'er could blanch ;
 And, like a hunted panther, starts to see
 His horrid deeds emblazon'd in his spots.
 Conscience, God's dread official here below,
 Too oft her friendly whispers drown'd in noise,
 Now rings her loud alarm in their hearts,
 Their fears awakens, and forestalls their doom

Methinks I hear a self-convicted Wretch
 To his associates vent his anguish'd soul :
 " Yonder He sits, whose mercies we have spurn'd,
 " Whose

" Whose laws we have profan'd, whose fides we oft
 " Have pierc'd with Blasphemy's envenom'd spear :
 " How shall we now confront his awful eye,
 " That melts all Nature with a darted glance ?
 " Or whither from His dreaded presence flee ?
 " O that some rock would fall, some mountain yawn
 " To bury us for ever in its womb !
 " Vain hope, alas ! these mountains and these rocks
 " Soon will be gone ; the Heavens and Earth dissolv'd ;
 " And nothing for His fiery wrath remain
 " To prey on but ourselves, immortal only
 " To suffer an eternity of pain."

The Process stern commences : silence deep,
 And dreadful expectation sits on all.
 Each hidden fraud, each word, and thought impure,
 Each overt violence, or slander dark,
 From out th' omniscient registers produc'd,
 Blaze in the view of Angels, and a World.
 The heart now bar'd before its Maker's eye,
 Evolv'd its mazes, and its filth expos'd,
 How loath'd a spectacle the Villain stands !
 The Virtuous look with horror down to see
 Now first in genuine colours Vice appear,
 And shudder at deformity so foul.
 Conscience incessant plies her scorpion-whip,

And

And makes th' abominable miscreants add
Self-accusation to their charge, and own
God's Justice in the rigour of his Wrath.

And now the Judge with visage all inflam'd,
At which the molten mountains shrink like wax,
With voice that shakes the pillar'd firmament,
The dire award pronounces : " Go, Ye Curs'd,
" To fire, as everlasting as your souls,
" For Satan, and his impious Host, prepar'd."
Strait from the inmost center of the earth
Flames burst in spiring eddies to the skies :
Trembles the ground convuls'd, seas boiling roar,
And dash yon crackling canopy with foam.
Creation sinks beneath th' enormous blaze.
Myriads now burning, with th' Archangel's Trump,
The growling thunder of th' expiring Heavens,
And with a falling World's tremendous groan
Mingle their hideous yell ; and vainly wish
They, like those Elements, could be no more.

His Equal Ways illustriously reveal'd
In Vice's torments, and in Virtue's bliss,
Th' Almighty rises from his throne, and wings
To heavenly Zion his triumphal car.
Th' Angelic Hierarchy with loud acclaim

Accompany

GO JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

Accompany their King ; with warbled Hymns
The ransom'd Saints their blest Redeemer greet.
Unnumber'd voices in sweet concord cry :
“ Hosanna to the Lamb that sits above,
“ To the World's honour'd Judge ! how just his ways !
“ How Everlasting Glory crowns them all !”



ON

ON THE
G O O D N E S S
OF THE
SUPREME BEING.

BY
CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

M DCC LV.

10 June 1800

(63)



ON THE

GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING.

ORPHEUS, for so the Gentiles * call'd thy name,
Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone could'st wake
Th' inanimate to motion ; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods, with musical persuasion drew ;
Thou who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,
And mad'st the mute melodious !—greater yet
Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art and nature ; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil Angel :—in this breast
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
And lift me from myself, each thought impure
Banish ; each low idea raise, refine,

Enlarge,

* See this conjecture strongly supported by Delany, in his Life of David.

Enlarge, and sanctify ;—so shall the Muse
 Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
 Her God on earth, as he is prais'd in heaven.

Immense Creator ! whose all-powerful hand
 Fram'd universal Being, and whose eye
 Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good ;
 Where shall the timorous Bard thy praise begin,
 Where end the purest sacrifice of song,
 And just thanksgiving ?—The thought-kindling light,
 Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
 Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
 And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.
 Hail to the chearful rays of ruddy morn,
 That paint the streaky East, and blithsome rouse
 The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest !
 Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
 And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew !
 Without the aid of yonder golden globe
 Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
 The tulip and auricula's-spotted pride ;
 Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
 So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
 O thrice-illustrious ! were it not for Thee
 Those pansies, that reclining from the bank,
 View thro' th' immaculate, pellucid stream

Their .

Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irksome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladfome beams
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of Him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive :
And lo ! they call ; the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark, and the redbreast jointly call ;
He hears and feeds their feather'd families,
He feeds his sweet musicians,—nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide :
And tho' their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man,—
But not to all,—for hark the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace th' harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and medicine of the mind ;
The thrilling trebles and the manly base
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song.

F

While

While in each breast sweet Melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies ; the solemn scene .
The Sun thro' storied panes surveys with awe,
And bashfully with-holds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude ; behold her eyes !
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles ; the incense, that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell ; to Him she sings,
To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preserves, whatever dwells
In air, in steadfast earth, or fickle sea.
O He is good, He is immensely good !
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man ;
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best
In order and in beauty :—rise, attend,
Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world !
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To Him, who made the mite ! Tho' Asia's pride !
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good

In

In his left striking wonders, till at length
 The eye's at fault, and seeks th' assisting glass.
 Approach and bring from Araby the Blest,
 The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
 And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot
 Lay all the tributary incense down.
 Stoop, sable Africa, with reverence stoop,
 And from thy brow take off the painted plume ;
 With golden ingots all thy camels load
 To adorn his temples, hasten with thy spear
 Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
 While unpursu'd thy lions roam and roar,
 And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide
 Remurmur to the glorious, surly sound.
 And thou, fair Indian, whose immense domain
 To counterpoise the Hemisphere extends,
 Haste from the West, and with thy fruits and flowers,
 Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
 More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
 By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
 Is thine ; thine therefore be a portion due
 Of thanks and praise : come with thy brilliant crown
 And vest of furr ; and from thy fragrant lap
 Pomegranates and the rich ananas* pour.
 But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of Grace

F 2

And

* Ananas, the Indian name for pine-apples.

And Christian excellence, his Goodness own,
Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise ;
Clad in the armour of the living God
Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword ;
Faith's shield, Salvation's glory,—compass'd helm
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair Truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread ;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the song of Charity begin
In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer.
“ O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
“ Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear !
“ Thou, who to lowliest minds dost condescend,
“ Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
“ Adopting jealousy to prove thy love :
“ Thou, who resign'd humility uphold,
“ Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
“ But quell tyrannic pride with peerless power,
“ Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak :
“ O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
“ Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear !
“ Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end
“ To heaven, to immortality, and THEE !”

ON



ON THE
W I S D O M
OF THE
S U P R E M E B E I N G.

BY
GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

M DCC LVI.



F 3

ON

ON THE
WISDOM OF THE SUPREME BEING.

ONCE more the Muse, with pious ardor rapt,
Spurns the dank Earth, and trembling soars aloft
To hymn her God, JEHOVAH Only-Wife.

O for a beam from th' uncreated Fount
Of Light to pierce the gloom, that hov'ring damps
The brisk ethereal Particle, which longs
Unmanacled and free to trace the steps
Of Wisdom, and at distance to adore !
O Thou, who from the stamm'ring lips of babes
Mak'st heav'nly Truths distill to shame the pride,
The letter'd pride of reas'ning erring Man ;
Who, when the full Maturity of Time,
From endless ages preordain'd, arriv'd,
Did'st from the dregs of Ignorance elect
Promulgers of thy Knowledge, O vouchsafe
Thy gracious aid to these my labour'd strains,

F 4

Which

Which fain would swell the choral symphony
 Of Angels and Archangels evermore
 Glowing with love intense, and warbling sweet
 Their songs of joy with praises intermixt !
 O let Thy Impulse guide Me, whilst I range
 Nature's wide field of Wonders, where impress
 On ev'ry atom shines creative Skill,
 And ev'ry humble shrub proclaims a God !
 Without Thy Influence spiritless would flow
 These Numbers, as a tinkling cymbal's sound :
 And much, I ween, would Folly's babbling tongue
 Profane that Wisdom, she presum'd to sing.

Shall boastful Reason, the minutest ray
 Beam'd from the self-existent Sire of Lights,
 Disdain subjection, and refuse to bring
 Her incense to the throne of God ? Instead
 Of Admiration, which His Works exact,
 Works where transcendent Art displays her pow'rs,
 Shall she, with impious triumph flush'd, retort
 Her wanton censure, infidel reproof ?
 Say, Sceptic, can thine eye pervade the whole,
 See System on dependent System verge,
 And Causes with Effects connected all
 In one unbroken chain ? Did Science ever
 • Lend Thee a Seraph's flaming wing to mount

Above

Above th' empyreal Sphere ? There did'st thou view
The golden Balance which the Mountains weigh'd,
Ere their aspiring foreheads pierc'd the clouds ?

Proud philosophic fool ! thy airy flight
Suspend awhile, and drop into Thyself :
Attentive scan the texture of thy Frame
How fearfully contriv'd ! the visual orbs
Remark, how aptly station'd for their task ;
Rais'd to th' imperial Head's high citadel
A wide extended prospect to command.
See the arch'd outworks of impending Lids
With hairs, as palisadoes, fenc'd around
To ward annoyance from without. The Nose
Its intervening wall projects, the Cheeks
Swell with a gentle eminence, to shield
The Body's gay irradiating Beam,
Who taught the rays, refracted from the bright
Chrystalline Convex, in a central point
To join their confluent streams, and paint each form
Of Dedal Nature in the fund opake,
Ill copied by Apelles' happiest skill ?
Who but th' Omniscient Architect ! who bade
The universal Eye, th' illustrious Sun,
From Chaos' darksome womb his splendors dart
T' enlighten and refresh the new-born World.

The

The channel'd Ear with many a winding maze
 How artfully perplex, to catch the sound,
 And from her repercussive caves augment !

When the crude shapeless Mass imprison'd lay
 In its maternal cell, what plastic pow'r
 Appropriate figure to each part assign'd,
 And gave th' envelop'd Animal t' expand ?
 Whose Nod controll'd the work abstruse, infus'd
 All-quick'ning vigour, and each motion sway'd ?
 Who in the dark the vital flame illum'd,
 And from th' impulsive engine caus'd to flow
 Th' ejaculated streams through many a pipe
 Arterial with meandering lapse, then bring
 Refluent their purple tribute to their Fount ?
 Who spun the sinews' branchy thread, and twin'd
 The azure veins in spiral knots to waft
 Life's tepid waves all o'er ; or Who with bones
 Compacted, and with nerves the Fabric strung ?
 Their specious form, their fitness, which results
 From figure and arrangement, all declare
 Th' Artificer divine. — 'Twas Thou, O Lord,
 Who in the deep recess did'st mould the clay
 Obsequious to thy will ; the process dark
 Thou saw'st, and Nought escap'd thy piercing Eye.
 Ere yet I was, in thy eternal Rolls

Each

Each bone was written, and each fibrous chord,
All-perfect Models of my future Frame.

And yet shall Man, who bears a World inclos'd
Of Wonders in Himself, though on his mind
Conviction flashes like a flood of Day,
In voluntary gloom benighted sit ?
With intellectual faculties endow'd,
Stamp'd on thy soul Thy Maker's signature,
In this magnific sky-roof'd Temple plac'd
High-Priest of Nature, to return to Heav'n
Due Incense, and articulate the praise
Of thy mute vassals, dar'st Thou, Wretch ingrate,
The Gift accept, the Giver leave unthank'd ?
See feeble Instinct with unvaried aim
Guide thy brute subjects to their Being's end,
Reproach to Reason's over-weening pride !
Their task enjoin'd they chearfully perform,
And laud the best they can their bounteous God.
With deep-ton'd praises roars the Wilderness,
The Groves with Melody resound ; All Nature
Upbraids the thankless silence of her Lord,
Rebel to Him, whose delegate he reigns.

How fightless foars Philosophy, whene'er
She quits the beaten track that Nature points,

And

And Reason, yet with prejudice unting'd ;
When impious she assumes creative pow'r,
And builds a World without an Architect !
In vain does Epicurus, borne aloft
Beyond the flaming barriers of our sphere
Into th' illimitable Void, command
His marshal'd atoms, and direct their flight,
Whatever course he gives them, straight, oblique,
They never could, though ages they had sped
Their swift career, have met in Space immense,
And each concurring with his like coher'd,

Illusive Dreams, and ravings of a Brain
Unpurg'd with Ellebore ! to think that small
Unguided particles, at random floating
Through shoreless seas of Emptiness diffus'd,
Could haply clash, and slide into an orb !
Say, Grecian Dotard, did thy idol Chance,
Of Worlds expert Artificer, e'er bid
A sudden palace deck the wond'ring waste ;
Did stones and timber, trooping to her call,
Leap to a finish'd pile, and stand self-rang'd ?

When first thy atoms with a ceaseless show'r
Rush'd from th' Expanse tumultuous, say what Mounds,
Rais'd in the thin vacuity t' arrest

Their

Their progress, check'd them in midway, and made
Them settle to a Mass ? Could they unknowing
Determine where to fix, and there in spite
Of Gravity's accelerating force,
Lull'd in the Air's soft ambient bosom rest ?
What counteracted Nature's gen'ral laws,
And gave th' inflected bias ? Did they call
A Council ere they fall'd from the goal,
And for each troop a rendezvous appoint ?
Here Reason fails You, and your wise reply
Amounts to nothing more than so it chanc'd
That this our Planet with th' unnumber'd Orbs,
Which perfect the stupendous artful Whole,
After repeated conflicts, and a war
Of thwarting particles, their strife compos'd,
Did ruffled into Harmony subside.

That philosophic tow'r, from whence You boast
To look all Nature through, and pity Man
Bewilder'd in the mazy vale below,
Shook with each slight interrogation nods :
And, when the storm of Argument assaults,
The treach'rous basis sinks, and down it falls.

Duration's bounds Stagira's bolder Sage
O'erleaps, and less'ning to the view a World

Amidst

Amidst Eternity's vast trackless wilds
Explores. But what success, what glorious meed
Rewards th' adventure ? Merits He for this
The Realms of Science with despotic sway
To govern, and his tyranny usurp'd
Deep in our vassal intellects to found ?
Let this high-vaulting Genius from his flight
Transcendent stoop, and to enquiring Sense
A sober answer give, why, if for ever
Things in the same unvaried tenor flow'd,
If Battles from eternity were fought,
And Politics in endless series plann'd,
No direful tumults swell'd th' Aonian Trump
Before the war of Thebes, or siege of Troy :
Why from no higher spring historic Truth
Rolls down through ages her memorial stores :
Why Arts flow-rip'ning in the womb of Time
So late attain'd their growth : why from the East
But yesterday her orient beam display'd
Emerging Science, and with Heav'n's bright Lamp
In radiant progress journey'd to the West.
Did one eternal torpor chill the brain
Of infinite successions ? Unalert
Was Nature, nor yet strong enough to form
An Aristotle's all-pervading Mind ?

In

In vain your routed clan of Vot'ries fly
To Deluges. For where embosom'd sleeps
Sufficient mass of Moisture to dissolve
The Globe, and from its faded place to blot
Each faithful Monument ? If this exceeds
Nature's weak pow'rs, they'll cease to rouse at will
The Waters from their bed, lest unawares
They conjure up an Agent they disclaim.
If Nature can atchieve the feat, Ye Wits
Illumin'd, say, why in a round immense
Of unbeginning Years it always chanc'd
That indiscriminating Floods should spare
A chosen Few, to stock the desert World :
Why, when the Deep its riven jaws disclos'd,
And Desolation o'er the prostrate Ball
Wide-wasting swept along, not All Mankind
Once in the oft repeated Wrecks was lost,
And Your Eternal Race expung'd for ever.

If Particles obnoxious to decay
The universal Frame compose, amidst
The ceaseless ravage of unmeasur'd Years
Earth on her Axis had no longer mov'd
Vertiginous, long since a mould'ring heap
Of Dust : the Sun, so prodigal of light,
His golden urn exhausted whence the Stars

Imbibe

Imbibe their gleam, had spent his latest ray,
And scatter'd in loose atoms roam'd the Void.

Thus with Sisyphian toil misguided Wit
The stone reluctant up the steep high Cliff
Urges : with violent recoil the Mass
Rushes precipitous, and mocks their pains.
Though Mountain pil'd on Mountain threat'ning stands,
Confusion follows, and their Babel drops.
Philosophy's but Folly in disguise,
A glitt'ring Ignorance, a fev'rish Dream,
Unless from Earth, the Footstool of her God,
She leads like Jacob's Ladder to His Throne.

To trace the Wisdom of th' all-knowing Mind
In the World's ample Volume to our view
In shining characters display'd, to glow,
Like Seraphs, as we turn th' amazing page,
And magnify the glorious Author's name,
This, This is to be Wise beyond the School
Of Epicurus, or Lyceum fam'd.

What human tongue can worthily record
The treasures of Eternal Intellect,
The Fair archetypal, whence beams deriv'd
Each Good delectable, each beauteous Form,

That

That Nature's spacious Theatre adorns ?
How shall sublim'd Imagination dart
Into th' unlimited circumfluous deep
Of Chaos drear and dark, there see Heav'n's King
Borne on Cherubic Wings enounce the Word
Omnific ? Wild Uproar hears, and is still,
And Circumscription checks Infinity !

How all-accomplish'd Sapience blaz'd abroad
Conspicuous in each grand proportion'd Work,
When the Divine Geometrician stretch'd
Th' immeasurable level through the Void,
And to the canton System bounds ordain'd !
What Hand could scoop the Sea's capacious bed,
But His, who grasp'd the Waters in his palm ?
Who could expand the Curtains of the Sky,
And tinge with Blush of Day their gorgeous Skirts,
But the ineffable I AM, who reigns
In splendor unapproachable enshrin'd ?
What placid smiles of sweet complacency
In the Creator's radiant aspect shone,
When He survey'd his Workmanship, and saw
Utility and Grace diffus'd throughout !
With admiration rapt of Heav'nly Skill
The Sons of Phosphor hail'd the dawning World
With shouts triumphant ; every harp was tun'd

G

Angelic

Angelic to His praise, who Order call'd
From tumult, and from Nothing All educ'd.

Where'er We turn our eyes, above, below,
The Deity confronts Us, and reveal'd
Flames in each Bush, and sparkles in each Star.
Where could the Platform of this complex Frame,
But in th' Eternal Mind's abyss, exist ?
What but a Wise Omnipotence the Plan
Illustrious could so splendidly complete ?

The Sun, when with a vig'rous Bridegroom's heat
He sallies from the chambers of the East,
His Maker in his silent course proclaims.
Look up, vain Sceptic, and derive a ray
Thence to thy darken'd Soul ; yon glorious Orb
Perpend, the Persian's Mithras, who ascrib'd
Th' emaning Good, by Providence devis'd
Omniscient, to th' unconscious Instrument,
Absorpt his Senses in the dazzling Beam.
Thou more sagacious hence infer a God,
Who launch'd in Air the Planet, and prescrib'd
An Orbit to His Ends benign most fit.
See ! at due distance from Our Globe dispos'd
With warmth attemper'd to her Womb he cheers
Th' all-fruitful Mother, and each Birth matures.

Had

Had he, where sluggish Saturn rolls, been plac'd,
 What desolation had deform'd this scene
 Now so profuse of ev'ry boon ! Undeck'd
 With mantling Grass her lap, despoil'd her meads
 Of laughing harvests, Earth had stood untrod
 By Man or Beast, an icy Wilderness.
 If nearer he had wheel'd his flamy car,
 His torrid rays had cleft the solid Rocks,
 Exhal'd the Lakes, and drain'd the briny Deep,
 The molten surface had to ashes turn'd,
 Or whirl'd in eddying sands obscur'd the Sky,

See ! how declining from the way direct
 He winds obliquely through th' Ecliptic road
 His course unwearied. Hence the Seasons rise,
 And glad with sweet vicissitude the Year.
 Could Chance atchieve these Wonders, and impress
 Such constant movements that, since Time began
 His measur'd race, not once the Sire of Day
 Should start forgetful from the track, and bring
 Chill Winter into Summer's flow'ry reign ?
 Or where such Counsel, such Design are seen,
 Must We not call an All-directing Mind
 To solve th' amazing Knot ? Th' Opificer
 All-pow'rful and All-wise alone could frame
 For Uses multi-form an Orb, without

G 2

Whose

Whose vital beams All Nature would expire,
And Darknefs be the Burier of the Dead.
He the projected Motion gave : His Arm,
Unshorten'd still, reſtricts the rapid whirl
Of Planets to their Centre, and with Chains
Of Gravity and firm Cohesion binds
Each ſtruggling atom, which would elſe unhing'd
Fly off, and ruin ſcatter through the Void,

Who ſees a Sphere, where mimic Wit diſplays
The ſite, the number, and the ſize of All
Yon rolling Worlds, and how in figur'd dance
They glide harmonious, at firſt glance aſſents
That Reaſon ſway'd the cunning Artiſt's hand.
Yet when he ſees the wond'rous Archetype,
The Heav'ns themſelves, with ſwift rotation urg'd,
Invariably each grateful Change revolve
Conducive to the Welfare of the Whole,
Doubts he that this by Reaſon is perform'd,
By Reaſon All-ſurpaſſing and Divine ?

Though Man were ſilent, th' azure Firmament,
The Moon, and all the glitt'ring Hoſt of Stars,
Fix'd and erratic, would with one accord
Blazon Almighty Wiſdom, and declare
The Marvels of His Finger, who, for ends

Subſervient

Subservient to His Glory and Our Good,
Bade their gay Splendors gild the brow of Night.

If to this lower Planet we advert,
Seat of our Birth and Nurture, proofs abound
Of infinite Contrivance, matchless Skill.
Whether the site or figure we regard,
Or distribution of the various parts
Perfective of the System, Strokes appear
Too exquisite for bungling Chance to hit
With erring implements. A Mind alone,
Where Models of Perfection treasur'd lay
From All Eternity, could call the fair
Exemplar into being when it will'd.

A form orbicular how fit to weigh
The golden gift of Light and Heat to all
The scatter'd districts with impartial scale !
Hence too the Waters, those meandering veins
O'er the Earth's body interspers'd, with just
Partition flow salubrious. To the Winds,
Balmy refiners of the winnow'd Air,
This most commodious Figure yields a pass
Free, unobstructed. Had another shape
Been giv'n, impeding Angles had oppos'd

G 3

The

The breezy Currents, and Mankind had droop'd
Sickly and faint from th' intercepted Gale.

What made the humid Particles recede
From the dry land, and wear a furrow'd bed
Capacious of their streams ? Could aught but Art
The blended Mafs so skilfully disjoin ?
Thou, Thou alone, with whom enthron'd on high
Sits coessential Wisdom, bad'st subside
The Vallies, and the Mountains from amidst
Th' o'erwhelming moisture heave their brow sublime.
The liquid troops, obedient to Thy Voice,
Fled to th' appointed station. Thou a bound
Hast set they cannot pass ; nor ever spread
Their flowing Mantle o'er th' invested Earth :
Thou to the Sea say'st, Hitherto advance,
And here thy proud licentious waves be stay'd.
In various ducts, as Thou ordain'st, disperst
The Globe-encircling Waters draw their train,
And health and vigour as they glide impart.

Yet here rash Man Thy Counsels dares implead,
And blames the vast diffusion of the Deep
As useless and deform. He thinks that thrift
In dealing out the Treasures of th' Abyfs,
And a more lib'ral dole of needful Land,

Had

Had spoke a wise Dispenser of his stores.
 Vainly he cries, " Half th' Ocean might be spar'd,
 " Superfluous Waste ! and added to domains
 " Too strait for Man, who, by continual wars
 " T' enlarge his frontier, seems to breathe but ill,
 " As in a Prison's narrow limits pent."

Blush, futile Caviller, who Nature's Lord
 Arraign'st, unread in Nature's mystic lore.
 For know that Vapours on their dusky wings
 In due proportion to the Surface rise
 Sublim'd. Had then thy frugal scheme prevail'd,
 And the shrunk Ocean flow'd with lessen'd wave,
 Instead of plenteous streams which now refresh
 Earth's saturated womb, but few had roll'd
 Their scanty fluid o'er the thirsty glebe :
 Eve had not shed profuse her trickling balm,
 Nor Clouds dropt fatness on the labour'd field.

Thus in the nat'ral as the moral World
 The strictest scrutiny but serves t' unveil
 New Riches in the deep exhaustless Mine
 Of heav'nly Wisdom : What is best, the stamp
 Of Deity, occurs in ev'ry work.
 His Providence the floating vast Machine
 Steers with unerring hand. Hence 'midst the flight

Of Ages ne'er one jarring atom broke
The nice adjustment of conspiring parts,
Or clogg'd the motion of the smallest wheel.

Sceptic, no more the dazzling beams withstand,
Bright emanations of a sapient God,
But, taught by Nature, Nature's Lord adore :
From known Effects of Order and Design
Rise to the self-existent Cause Supreme :
The Depths of Wisdom, far as human Ken
Can penetrate, explore ; and here attain
A foretaste of that Knowledge, which perhaps,
With Angels poring o'er the Text, abstruse,
And in ecstatic admiration lost,
Will in Eternity's unceasing round
The intuition of thy Soul absorb.

ON



THE
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BY
R. GLYNN, M. D.

M DCC LVII.



THE
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THY Justice, heav'nly King ! and that great Day,
 When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
 Shall raise her pensive head ; and Vice, that erst
 Rang'd unprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd ;
 I sing advent'rous.—But what eye can pierce
 The vast immeasurable realms of Space,
 O'er which Messiah drives His flaming car
 To that bright region, where enthron'd He sits
 First-born of Heav'n to judge assembled worlds,
 Cloath'd in celestial radiance ! Can the Muse,
 Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
 Soar to that bright Empyrean, where around
 Myriads of Angels God's perpetual choir
 Hymn Hallelujahs ; and in concert loud
 Chaunt songs of triumph to their Maker's praise ?——
 Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd

To

To tread Poetic Soil. What though the wiles
 Of Fancy me enchanted ne'er could lure
 To rove o'er Fairy lands ; to swim the streams
 That through her vallies weave their mazy way ;
 Or climb her mountain tops ; yet will I raise
 My feeble voice, to tell what Harmony
 (Sweet as the music of the rolling Spheres)
 Attunes the moral world : That Virtue still
 May hope her promis'd crown ; that Vice may dread
 Vengeance, though late ; that reas'ning Pride may own
 Just though unfearchable the ways of Heaven.

Sceptic ! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
 That divine particle which God's own breath
 Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
 Annihilate, 'till Duration has unroll'd
 Her never-ending line ; tell, if thou know'st,
 Why every nation, every clime, though all
 In Laws, in Rites, in Manners disagree,
 With one consent expect another world,
 Where Wickedness shall weep ? Why Paynim Bards
 Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarean Lakes,
 Styx and Cocytus ? Tell, why Heli's sons
 Have feign'd a Paradise of Mirth and Love,
 Banquets, and blooming Nymphs ? Or rather tell,
 Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,

Where

Where never Science rear'd her sacred Torch,
 Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
 Behind the cloud-topt Hill ? Why in each breast
 Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
 Informs, directs, encourages, forbids ?
 Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends ;
 Or joy on secret good ? Why Conscience acts
 With tenfold force, when Sicknefs, Age, or Pain
 Stands tott'ring on the precipice of Death ?
 Or why such Horror gnaws the guilty soul
 Of dying Sinners ; while the Good Man sleeps
 Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires ?

Look round the world ! with what a partial hand
 The scale of Bliss and Misery is sustain'd !
 Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
 Pale Virtue lies ; no arm supports her head,
 No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
 Nor soft-ey'd Pity drops a melting tear ;
 But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
 Insult the banish'd Wanderer : on she goes
 Neglected and forlorn : Disease, and Cold,
 And Famine, worst of Ills, her steps attend :
 Yet patient, and to Heav'n's just will resign'd,
 She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling Bow's,
 Where flush'd with all the insolence of wealth
 Sits pamper'd Vice ! For him th' Arabian Gale
 Breathes forth delicious odours ; Gallia's Hills
 For him pour Nectar from the purple vine.
 Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
 To Heav'n ; of Heav'n he never names the name ;
 Save when with imprecations dark and dire
 He points his Jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
 Sits on his rosy cheek ; yet Honour gilds
 His high exploits ; and downy-pinion'd Sleep
 Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

See'st thou this, righteous Father ! See'st thou this,
 And wilt thou ne'er repay ? Shall Good and Ill
 Be carried undistinguish'd to the Land
 Where all things are forgot ? — Ah ! no ; the Day
 Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst
 That long obscur'd her Beams ; when Sin shall fly
 Back to her native Hell ; there sink eclips'd
 In penal Darkness ; where nor Star shall rise,
 Nor ever Sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great Day the solemn Trump shall sound,
 (That Trump which once in Heaven on Man's revolt
 Convok'd th' astonish'd Seraphs) at whose voice

Th' un-

Th' unpeopled Graves shall pour forth all their Dead.
Then shall th' assembled nations of the Earth
From ev'ry Quarter at the Judgment-Seat
Unite ; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians ; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
Names fam'd of old : or who of later age,
Chinefe and Ruffian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wide Terrene ; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks ; or where the Sun
Pours on Golconda's Spires his early light
Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise
Whom distant ages to each others sight
Had long denied : Before the Throne shall kneel
Some great Progenitor, while at his side
Stands his Descendant through a thousand Lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and Patriarchs, Slaves and sceptred Kings,
With equal eye the God of All shall see ;
And judge with equal love. What though the Great
With costly pomp and aromatic sweets
Embalm'd his poor remains ; or through the Dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chaunted flow orisons ? Say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from that lowly Swain
Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound turf

Long

Long lay neglected?—All at once shall rise ;
 But not to equal glory : for, alas !
 With howlings dire and execrations loud
 Some wail their fatal birth.—First among these
 Behold the mighty murth'ers of mankind ;
 They who in sport whole kingdoms flew ; or they
 Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power
 Waded through seas of blood ! How will they curse
 The madness of ambition ; How lament
 Their dear-bought Laurels ; when the widow'd wife
 And childless mother at the Judgment-Seat
 Plead trumpet-tongu'd against them !—Here are they
 Who sunk an aged Father to the Grave ;
 Or with unkindness hard and cold disdain
 Slighted a Brother's suff'rings.—Here are they
 Whom Fraud and skilful Treachery long secur'd ;
 Who from the infant Virgin tore her dow'r,
 And eat the Orphan's bread :—who spent their stores
 In selfish Luxury ; or o'er their gold
 Prostrate and pale ador'd the useless heap.—
 Here too who stain'd the chaste connubial Bed ;—
 Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl ;—or broke the ties
 Of hospitable Friendship :—And the Wretch
 Whose listless soul sick with the cares of life
 Unsummon'd to the presence of his God
 Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy

Once

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

67

Once more to visit earth ; and, though oppress'd
With all that Pain or Famine can inflict,
Pant up the Hill of Life ? Vain wish ! the Judge
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual punishment. Seek not to know
What punishment ! for that th' Almighty Will
Has hid from mortal eyes : And shall vain Man
With curious search refin'd presume to pry
Into thy secrets, Father ! No : let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,
And walk in all thy paths : so shall his meed
Be great in Heav'n, so haply shall he 'scape
Th' immortal Worm and never-ceasing Fire.

But who are they, who bound in ten-fold chains
Stand horribly aghast ? This is that Crew
Who strove to pull Jehovah from His throne,
And in the place of Heav'n's eternal King
Set up the Phantom Chance. For them in vain
Alternate seasons chear'd the rolling year ;
In vain the Sun o'er Herb, Tree, Fruit, and Flow'r
Shed genial influence, mild ; and the pale Moon
Repair'd her waning orb.—Next these is plac'd
The vile Blasphemer, He, whose impious Wit
Profan'd the sacred Myseries of Faith,
And 'gainst th' impenetrable walls of Heav'n

H

Planted

Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
 The arch-Apostate : He with many a wile
 Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas !
 No hope have they from black Despair, no ray
 Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking souls :
 In agonies of grief they curse the hour
 When first they left Religion's onward way.

These on the left are rang'd : But on the right
 A chosen Band appears, who fought beneath
 The Banner of Jehovah, and defy'd
 Satan's united Legions. Some, unmov'd
 At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes
 Diffus'd the Gospel's Light ; some, long immur'd,
 (Sad servitude !) in chains and dungeons pin'd ;
 Or rack'd with all the agonies of pain
 Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy They
 Whom Heaven elect'd to that glorious strife !——
 Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence
 Made heav'n-born Science raise her drooping head ;
 And on the labours of a future Race
 Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst These,
 Good SEATON ! whose well-judg'd benevolence
 Fost'ring fair Genius bade the Poet's hand
 Bring annual off'rings to his Maker's shrine,
 Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.——

Here

Here is that fav'rite Band, whom mercy mild
 God's best lov'd Attribute adorn'd ; whose gate
 Stood ever open to the Stranger's call ;
 Who fed the Hungry ; to the Thirsty lip
 Reach'd out the friendly cup ; whose care benign
 From the rude blast secur'd the Pilgrim's side ;
 Who heard the Widow's tender tale ; and shook
 The galling shackle from the Prisoner's feet ;
 Who each endearing tye, each office knew
 Of meek-ey'd heav'n-descended Charity.—
 O Charity, thou Nymph divinely fair !
 Sweeter than those whom ancient Poets bound
 In Amity's indissoluble chain,
 The Graces ! How shall I essay to paint
 Thy charms, celestial Maid ; and in rude verse
 Blazon those deeds thyself did'st ne'er reveal ?
 For Thee nor rankling Envy can infect,
 Nor Rage transport, nor high o'erweening Pride
 Puff up with vain conceit : ne'er didst thou smile
 To see the Sinner as a verdant Tree
 Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream ;
 While like some blasted Trunk the Righteous fall,
 Prostrate, forlorn, When Prophecies shall fail,
 When Tongues shall cease, when Knowledge is no more,
 And this Great Day is come ; Thou by the Throne
 Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely Maid,

Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
 And through the Adamantine Gates of Heav'n
 Conduct my Steps, safe from the fiery Gulph
 And dark Abyſs where Sin and Satan reign !

But can the Muſe, her numbers all too weak,
 Tell how that reſtleſs Element of Fire
 Shall wage with Seas and Earth intestine war,
 And deluge all Creation ? Whether (ſo
 Some think) the Comet, as through fields of air
 Lawleſs he wanders, ſhall ruſh headlong on,
 Thwarting th' Ecliptic where th' unconſcious Earth
 Rolls in her wonted courſe ; whether the Sun
 With force centripetal into his orb
 Attract her long reluctant ; or the Caves,
 Thoſe dread Vulcanos where engend'ring lye
 Sulphureous Minerals, from their dark Abyſs
 Pour ſtreams of liquid fire ; while from above,
 As erſt on Sodom, Heav'n's avenging Hand
 Rains fierce combuſtion.—Where are now the works
 Of Art, the Toil of Ages ?—Where are now
 Th' Imperial Cities, Sepulchres and Domes,
 Trophies and Pillars ?—Where is Egypt's boaſt,
 Thoſe lofty Pyramids which high in air
 Rear'd their aspiring Heads, to diſtant times
 Of Memphian Pride a laſting monument ?—

Tell

Tell me where Athens rais'd her Towers ?—Where Thebes
Open'd her Hundred Portals ?—Tell me where
Stood sea-girt Albion ?—Where Imperial Rome
Propt by Seven Hills sat like a sceptred Queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace ?—
Shew me the Rampart, which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley stretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty Monarch, to repel
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
'Gainst Pekin's tow'rs he bent th' unerring Bow.

But what is mimic Art ? Even Nature's works,
Seas, Meadows, Pastures, the meand'ring Streams,
And everlasting Hills shall be no more.
No more shall Teneriff cloud-piercing height
O'er-hang th' Atlantic Surge.—Nor that fam'd Cliff,
Through which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,
Throw to the Lemnian Isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Ægean.—Where are now
The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the Ocean stream
Stretch'd their extended arms ?—Where's Ararat,
That Hill on which the faithful Patriarch's Ark
Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top
First rested, when the Earth with all her Sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,

Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolv'd ; no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction : Heaven itself,
'That azure vault with all those radiant orbs,
Sinks in the universal ruin lost.——

No more shall Planets round their central Sun
Move in harmonious dance ; no more the Moon
Hang out her Silver Lamp ; and those Fix'd Stars
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wond'rous height, to read their name:
And magnitude, some winged minister
Shall quench ; and (surest sign that all on earth
Is lost) shall rend from Heaven the mystic Bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous Day,
Whose Coming who shall tell ? For as a Thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through Night's dark gloom.—Perhaps as here I sit,
And rudely carol these incondite Lays,
Soon shall the Hand be check'd, and dumb the Mouth
That lisps the fault'ring strain.—O ! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour ;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator !

“ Power

“ Power supreme !
“ O everlasting King ! to Thee I kneel,
“ To Thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
“ Melt all ye Elements ! And Thou, high Heav’n,
“ Shrink like a shrivel’d Scroll ! But think, O Lord,
“ Think on the best, the noblest of thy works ;
“ Think on thine own bright Image ! Think on Him,
“ Who dy’d to save us from thy righteous wrath ;
“ And ’midst the wreck of Worlds remember Man !”



THE
P R O V I D E N C E
OF THE
S U P R E M E B E I N G.

BY
GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

M D C C L V I I I.

PROVIDENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

SOVEREIGN of Nature, Omnipresent King,
 Essential Goodness ! Thou, whose plastic Word
 Call'd from the womb of Darkness into day
 This beauteous System, which, if Thou withdraw' Thy staying hand, would instantly relapse Into primeval Nothing ! Who shall dare To circumscribe thy Centre, that extends Far as Creation's amplest range ; or set Bounds to thy Providence, that clasps at once In its parental all-incircling arm The tow'ring Seraph, and the grov'ling Worm ? Each link, that weaves the universal chain Of Order, and connects th' amazing plan, Is fasten'd to the footstool of thy throne. All Causes, in thy Intellect compriz'd, Obvious as light that fills th' uncrowded eye, Rank'd in their series stand, and wait thy nod |

To

To issue into action, and atchieve
 Eternal counsels. Wisdom infinite
 Sits at the helm presiding, and directs
 Each sev'ral movement to the purpos'd end.
 Thou giv'st the vegetable tribe to draw
 Its kindly nutriment. Th' inliv'ning sap,
 Obedient to thy Laws, through fitted tubes
 Ascends fermenting, and at length matur'd
 Breaks forth in gems, and germinates in leaves.
 By Thee each Family of flow'rs is cloth'd
 In one unvarying drefs, and breathes the same
 Transmitted essences ; and, though the loom
 No virgin fingers ply to swell her pride,
 The lily shines more gorgeously array'd
 Than monarchs, where the East with hand profuse
 Show'rs on their pomp barbaric pearl and gold.
 O'er all thy works, exuberance of love,
 Thy care unweary'd watches. Hence conserv'd
 Each kind, each being, and each want supply'd.
 To Thee the tenant of the pasture lifts
 His asking eye : to Thee with suppliant voice
 The shaggy tyrant of the wilderness
 Roars his petition, as he roams the waste
 Intent on prey. Thou, common Father, op'fst
 Th' exhaustless treasures of thy bounty : All
 Are fill'd, and ev'ry heart with joy rebounds.

Yet

Yet are there found of Man's imperial race,
 So favour'd, and by reason high advanc'd,
 (That ray infus'd to light him to his God)
 Who, rebels to their Maker, spurn his rule,
 And impious dare in narrow space include
 Infinity itself. In Heav'n, some say
 Blaspheming, sits in majesty supine
 Th' Eternal King, and slumb'ring on his throne,
 From Earth, and all its cares alike remov'd,
 A listless dull beatitude enjoys.
 Conceit absurd! yet suited to the soil
 Of Epicurus' garden, rank with weeds
 That kill Religion's root. No busy God
 His blind unguided atoms must controul,
 But Chance must build his World, and govern too.
 That scheme of Happiness, he frames for Man,
 Must, as he doats, to Deity extend;
 Whose Bliss would be impair'd, if restless thought,
 And Nature's vast moliminous concerns
 Should violate the Sabbath of his rest.
 Philosophizing fool, who ne'er couldst shake
 The cumbrous load of matter from thy soul,
 And pierce those regions, where One sovereign Mind,
 One pure diffusive Energy at ease
 By sole volition acts his purposes
 Through the wide realms of Being! He to all,

Centre

Centre without circumference, is nigh,
Is intimately present : nought eludes
His Knowledge ; nought impedes his mighty Pow'r,

If the World floats by ev'ry casual blast
Driv'n to and fro, without a pilot-hand
To regulate its course, say, why do all
Hearken to Laws appropriate to their kind ?
Why never stray the devious Orbs, but keep
Their stations, and with steady pace repeat
Their periodic journeys ? Whence to Plants
Peculiar feeds allotted, and a leaf
That marks their lineage ? Or how taught by turn
To flourish, and diversify the year ?
Whence is each particle of matter sway'd
Or to attract its neighbour or repel ?
In Brutes to individuals whence assign'd
With rule precise the same organic make,
As best the functions of their kind promotes ?
Why prompted all to propagate their breed,
To shun the noxious, seek the wholesome food ?
This settled Order through the whole diffus'd,
These Laws invariably pursu'd, proclaim
As with a trumpet's sound a Pow'r unseen,
Who sits not idle on th' empyreal sphere,
Wrapt up in contemplation of Himself

Through

Through endless ages, but who all surveys
In Space, his boundless sensory, and fills
Earth with his Goodness, with his Glory Heaven.

And yet shall Man, as shipwreck'd from the womb
On the World's bleak inhospitable coast,
As by his Maker carelessly expos'd,
Bewail his orphan lot, and cry that God
Regardless of his welfare flights his pray'rs ?
Shall not a Sparrow fall without his will,
Shall not a Raven croak in vain ; yet Man,
Heir of Eternity, Creation's pride,
Be left to wander in the maze of Life
Without a Guide, a Father, and a Friend ?
How shall he 'scape th' embattel'd ills that war
Against his soul, th' unnumber'd shafts that fly
Wing'd with destruction, if no hand unseen
Invests him with a shield, and guards his steps ?

But Man (ingenious to contrive his woe,
And rob himself of all that makes this vale
Of tears bloom comfort) cries, If God foresees
Our future actings, then the objects known
Must be determin'd, or the knowledge fail ;
Thus Liberty's destroy'd, and all we do
Or suffer, by a fatal thread is spun.

Say,

Say, fool, with too much subtilty misled,
 Who reason'ft but to err, does Prefcience change
 The property of things ? Is aught thou fee'ft
 Caus'd by thy vision, not thy vision caus'd
 By forms that previously exist ? To God
 This mode of seeing future deeds extend,
 And Freedom with Foreknowledge may subfist.

Nor think that ev'ry moment Nature's courfe
 Muft take a diff'rent bias to comply
 With each occafion. He, to whom are known
 The wants and the deportment of each being,
 May fuch a Plan original have fram'd
 As All adjusted may confpire to make
 One compact Syftem ; where the Saint devout,
 And fin-polluted Infidel may find
 Forecafted, in th' eftablifhment of things,
 Effects proportion'd to their varying ftamp
 Of moral character. Look round and fee
 Reward and punifhment in part difpens'd
 To Man by Nature's gen'ral Laws : fee Health
 Fly the luxurious Glutton's rich repaft,
 And with the Hermit at his temp'rate board
 Sit a pleas'd gueft : fee calm unruffled Joy
 With dovelike wing infold the virtuous breaft,
 While arm'd with harpy-talon keen Remorfe

Hovers

Hovers o'er Guilt, and poisons ev'ry sweet.
 Lo ! (to convert our vices into rods)
 Passions indulg'd beyond a certain bound
 Lead to a precipice, and plunge in woe
 The heedless agent. Avarice o'ershoots
 Its destin'd mark, and with abundance curs'd,
 In wealth the ills of poverty endures.
 Ambition, when the pinnacle is gain'd
 With many a toilsome step, the pow'r it sought
 Wants to support itself, and sighs to find
 The envy'd height but aggravates the fall.
 Unbridled Lust instead of Pleasure's rose
 The prickly thorn oft grasps, with pangs of mind,
 And body now tormented, now condemn'd
 To bleed a victim on the bed it stains.

Nor deem this Order broke, these Laws infring'd,
 As oft as Vice in the warm sunny beam
 Of Fortune wanton basks, and Virtue droops
 Forlorn, by Penury's chill wintry blast
 Affail'd. That luxury and pomp perhaps
 Is but the splendid cover of distress
 Rankling within ; while conscience ever gay,
 And placid resignation to his lot,
 Cheer the poor tatter'd Pilgrim, and derive

I

A fla-

A flavour to his casual homely meal,
The rich man's labour'd dainties cannot yield.

Dar'ft thou decide where Mercy should distil
Its soft refreshing dews, where Justice pour
The vials of its treasur'd wrath, who know'ft
Man in appearance only ? Oft beneath
The faintly veil the Votary of sin
May lurk unseen, and to that Eye alone,
Which penetrates the inmost heart, reveal'd.
And He, whom Censure singles from the herd
To brand with infamy, whom Envy loads
With black'ning colours, to th' Omniscient Judge
(Whom nought can bias, and whom nought deceives)
May otherwise appear, and fitly spread
His swelling sails before the prosp'rous gale.
Besides, that opulence, thou vainly gild'ft
With specious name of good, if scann'd aright,
Is Heav'n's sharp Visitation to the fool.
See him the giddy round of riot tread,
And madly purchase at a price immense
Want, shame, disease, and heart-corroding grief :
Or see him brooding o'er the sacred heap
Unenvy'd by the Beggar whom he hates :
And then pronounce him happy if you can.

But

But how this equal scale upheld, thou cry'ft,
 When, like the rushing deep, Adversity
 Pours all its billows o'er the virtuous head ?
 Stop thy complaints. God ever in the storm,
 As in the calm, prefides. The Man, perhaps,
 Thou pity'ft, draws his comforts from diftrefs.
 That Mind fo poiz'd, and center'd in the good
 Supreme, fo kindled with Devotion's flame,
 Might with Prosperity's enchanting cup
 Inebriate have forgot th' all-giving Hand,
 Might on Earth's vain and tranfitory joys
 Have built its fole felicity, nor e'er
 Wing'd a defire beyond its fenfual flye,
 Grov'ling, impure, and level'd with the Brute.

Thus by th' appointment of that Pow'r who weighs
 What with our welfare, not our wifh, comforts,
 Our Blifs may be connected with our Woes.
 Hence Graces, wither'd by too warm a beam,
 May fpread and flourish in the dreary fhade :
 And Pleafure, to voluptuous Guilt deny'd,
 May bloom ambrofial from Affliction's thorn.

Too fhort is Reafon's line to found the depths
 Of heav'nly wifdom ; rash her cenfure too,

When he presumes to cavil at His ways,
 Who oft obliquely to th' intended goal
 His steady but meandering course directs,
 Makes Opposites harmoniously combine.
 His grand eventful counsels to mature,
 That Man, by common notices unmov'd,
 By Admiration may be taught to fear.
 He, who this complex mass of wonders call'd
 From Chaos, and from darkness launch'd those lights
 That gild the fluid ether, oftentimes bids
 'Midst the well-temper'd strife of jarring wills
 Order from tumult break, from evil good.
 He reins the fury of the waves, and bounds
 The rage of Man, and makes the friendly storm
 Drive when he lifts the vessel into port.
 Abasement by his guidance shall exalt,
 Disgrace ennoble, and Misfortunes bless.

See base ungen'rous Envy swell the breasts
 Of Israel's sons : see Joseph for a dream,
 Typic of future greatness, doom'd to feel
 The rigours of fraternal hate. And can
 Such venom'd hate in kindred bosoms dwell ?
 How shall defenceless innocence escape
 Impendent death, when savage Brethren lift

The

The murd'rous steel ? Prevailing nature melts
 Reuben's soft heart, arrests the bloody deed,
 And heav'n-directed Ishmaelites convey
 To distant climes the purchas'd spoil, than all
 Their spicy wealth more precious. Pharian realms
 Receive the sacred charge, the Patriarch's hope.
 Vanish the clouds, the welkin brightens round,
 Illusive prospect ! soon new woes succeed :
 A lovesick Mistress smiles, and Fortune frowns.
 To slighted charms and womanish revenge
 Th' innoxious Youth falls an unpity'd prey,
 And in a dungeon's gloom his pious soul
 Pours to his God in pray'r, nor pours in vain,
 For now the mystic web of Providence
 Gradual unfolds, shades soften into light;
 And on th' admiring eye coherence dawns.
 The rage of Brethren, and th' opprobrious sale
 Conspire to realize his dream : the wife
 Of Potiphar unconscious weaves the meed,
 And calumny to honour smooths the way.
 Quick shifts the scene : the dungeon for a throne
 Is chang'd. The Hebrew next to Egypt's king,
 In all the pride of regal pomp array'd,
 Shines through the land of Nile rever'd, and lives
 To cherish Israel's drooping age, to pant

With filial transport on the Patriarch's breast
 Big with tumultuous joy. His brethren round,
 Sheaves of his dream, in marshal'd order stand,
 And pay obeisance to his Sheaf, that rears
 Its head aloft, and triumphs in its height.

Great is the Lord JEHOVAH, high above
 The loftiest flight of raptur'd praise ; his throne
 Is built on Equity's broad base ; his Arm
 (Though oft invisible to mortal ken)
 Is ever stretch'd to prop the sinking good,
 Or crush the wicked. Not a wheel amongst
 Th' infinite orbs, which roll the fates of Man,
 And Kingdoms in their rapid whirl, but glows
 Distinct with eyes, and in a measur'd course
 Harmonious verges to some certain goal.

See ! the fond Mother takes her sad adieu,
 And slow-receding casts a tearful glance
 Where floats the rush-wove ark : to calm her grief,
 To give her darling to her throbbing breast
 The Memphian prince's speeds, and (Heav'n so wills)
 Nurtures in Wisdom's lore the Youth ordain'd
 Israel to free, and humble Pharaoh's pride.

Whe

When Judah totters on the brink of fate,
 And guileful Haman meditates the death
 Of blameless Mordecai, what hand can ward
 The threaten'd blow, and give the wiles to fall
 Retorted on the Machinator's head?
 His Hand alone, who vindicates the Just,
 That plucks from Arrogance the boasted plume,
 And plants it on meek Virtue's brow. In vain
 With ev'ry blandishment the Persian wooes
 Sleep to his wakeful lid. The Volume's spread,
 Where the Jew's faithful services inroll'd
 Rush on the monarch's sight. Go, Haman, now,
 And glory in thy stratagems, condemn'd
 To deck the triumphs of the Man thy hate
 Mark'd for destruction. To the regal feast
 Go, short-liv'd guest. For know Death goes along
 A reveller, and points the hidden shaft.
 Look from the palace; see Fate's engine rise
 Tremendous, and extend its arms for Thee
 Its cruel builder, and unpity'd load,

When artful Malice broods o'er dark revenge,
 When stern Oppression frowns, and Ills surround,
 Let not the Good despair, but rest secure
 Beneath ADONAI's shadowing wing. His Eye

I 4

Beholds,

Beholds, his out-stretch'd Arm conducts their steps
 Through Death's incircling horrors ; and when broke
 Each feeble anchor, when the tenth wave rolls
 Its gatner'd ruin, plucks them from the deep.
 Nor let them murmur, though their way be oft
 Perplex'd with briers, and with crags o'erhung,
 But onwards press unfainting to the goal,
 Where, to o'erpay their momentary toil,
 Applauding Angels hold th' unwith'ring wreath
 Of beatific Joy. From ardent lips
 Let the sweet incense of melodious praise
 Ascend to Him who visits all his works,
 But chief the son of Man.

Pow'r infinite,

Thou Giver, and Preserver of my being,
 Who rul'st all Causes, govern'st all Events,
 O teach me ever to thy will resign'd
 To bear my lot with patience, and esteem
 That Best which Thou ordain'st. In weal or woe,
 In health or sickness, let me ne'er forget
 Thy Mercies : ev'n in thine afflictive rod
 May I a Father's tenderness adore,
 Who chastens but to heal, in wrath benign !
 Avert those ills that hover o'er my head,
 And with thy shield encompass all my paths.

Of

Of earthly goods that portion Thou assign
Which with my present and my future bliss
May best accord ; and grant this humble strain
May be a prelude to that nobler song,
Which by thy Grace, this dreary vale past through,
My Soul, with brighter views of Providence
Illum'd, and kindling from a near access,
Shall chaunt responsive to th'Angelic Choir.



DEATH.

D E A T H.

BY

B. PORTEUS, D. D.

M DCC LIX.



D E A T H.

FRIEND to the wretch, whom ev'ry friend forfakes,
 I woo thee, DEATH ! In Fancy's fairy paths
 Let the gay Songster rove, and gently trill
 The strain of empty joy.—Life and its joys
 I leave to those that prize them.—At this hour,
 This solemn hour, when Silence rules the world,
 And wearied Nature makes a gen'ral pause !
 Wrapt in Night's fable robe, through cloysters drear
 And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
 Of meagre phantoms shooting cros my path
 With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
 Of Death !—Deep in a murky cave's recess
 Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
 By shelving rocks and intermingled horrors
 Of yew' and cypress' shade from all intrusion
 Of busy noon-tide beam, the Monarch sits
 In unsubstantial Majesty enthron'd.

At

At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin
With fatal industry and cruel care
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store : around him rang'd
In terrible array and strange diversity
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread Ministers :
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend : next him diseases thick,
A motley train ; Fever with cheek of fire ;
Consumption wan ; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump ; joint-torturing Gout,
And ever-gnawing Rheum ; Convulsion wild ;
Swoln Dropsy ; panting Asthma ; Apoplex
Full-gorg'd.—There too the Pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait ; and, when
By Heaven's command Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the Earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom such various forms
Of Misery wait, and mark their future prey !
Ah ! why, All-righteous Father, didst thou make

This

This Creature Man ? Why wake th' unconscious dust
To life and wretchedness ? O better far
Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the Lot of Being !—Was it for this
Thy Breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame ? For this was thy fair image
Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments ?
For this dominion given him absolute
O'er all thy creatures, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe ? From the blest source of Good
Could Pain and Death proceed ? Could such foul Ills
Fall from fair Mercy's hands ? Far be the thought,
The impious thought ! God never made a Creature
But what was good. He made a living Man :
The Man of Death was made by Man himself.
Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
Fresh with immortal bloom ; No pain he knew,
No fear of death, no check to his desires
Save one command. That one command (which stood
'Twixt him and ruin, the test of his obedience,)
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity
He broke.—There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
And Death and all the family of Pain

To

To prey upon Mankind. Young Nature saw
 The monstrous crew, and shook through all her frame.
 Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
 Heaven's chearful face to low'r, then vapours choak'd
 The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
 To hide the willing Sun. The Earth convuls'd
 With painful throes threw forth a bristly crop
 Of thorns and briars; and Insect, Bird, and Beast,
 That wont before with admiration fond
 To gaze at Man, and fearless croud around him,
 Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
 Th' infection of his misery. He alone,
 Who justly might, th' offended Lord of Man,
 Turn'd not away his face; he full of pity
 Forsook not in this uttermost distress
 His best-lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd,
 (That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)
 The countenance of God, and through the gloom
 Shot forth some kindly gleams, to chear and warm
 Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from Heaven
 Uprais'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar
 A happier scene of things; the Promis'd Seed
 Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled crest,
 Death of his sting disarm'd, and the dank grave
 Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
 No more the limit but the gate of life.

Chear'd

Chear'd with the view, Man went to till the ground
From whence he rose ; sentenc'd indeed to toil
As to a punishment, yet (ev'n in wrath
So merciful is Heaven) this toil became
'The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against Disease and Death. — Death though denounc'd
Was yet a distant Ill, by feeble arm
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes ;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
One solitary ghost went shivering down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable Patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way ; Labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and Temperance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest ; gentle and pure
As breath of evening Zephyr and as sweet
Were all his slumbers ; with the Sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as He, to run
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with Giant Strength
He stem'd the tide of Time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.

K

As

At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And looking round saw all the vallies fill'd
With nations from his loins ; full well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the Earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of time was Man,
So calm was life, so impotent was Death.
O had he but preserv'd these few remains,
These shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck
Of innocence primæval ; still had he liv'd
Great ev'n in ruin ; though fall'n, yet not forlorn ;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape ! But He, impatient
To be compleatly wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes. 'Twas Man himself
Brought Death into the world, and Man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied destruction on mankind.

First Envy, Eldest-Born of Hell, embru'd
Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men
To make a Death which Nature never made,

And

And God abhorr'd, with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety ! whole kingdoms fell
To fate the lust of power ; more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. — One Murder made a Villain,
Millions a Hero. — Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah ! why will Kings forget that they are Men !
And Men that they are Brethren ? Why delight
In human sacrifice ? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love ;
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death ! Still Monarchs dream
Of universal Empire growing up
From universal ruin. — Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine !

Yet say, should Tyrants learn at last to feel,
 And the loud din of battle cease to roar ;
 Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
 Her olive branch, and give the world repose,
 Would Death be foil'd ? Would health, and strength, and
 youth

Defy his power ? Has he no arts in store,
 No other shafts save those of war ?—Alas !
 Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
 A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
 That serpent Luxury : War its thousands slays,
 Peace its ten thousands : In th' embattled plain
 Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
 Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
 So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
 Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
 Where, in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
 Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless Love,
 He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
 Means to be blest—But finds himself undone.

Down the smooth stream of life the Stripling darts
 Gay as the morn ; bright glows the vernal sky,
 Hope swells his sails, and Fancy steers his course ;
 Safe glides his little bark along the shore
 Where Virtue takes her stand ; but if too far

He

He launches forth beyond Discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the furies roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance ! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To Freedom's holy cause ; than so to fall
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemperance, and Disease.

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye Sons of Pleasure, by th' Almighty stricken,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas ! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murderous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,
And be your own avengers—Hold, rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'lt rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days,
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair,
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see

Thy future mansion ?——Why that start of horror ?
From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel ?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about him,
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain his choicest gift ?

Live then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away
By penitential tears and deep contrition
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live, with patience wait
Th' appointed hour ; too soon that hour will come,
Though Nature run her course ; But Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life.——O when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme
To Heaven ascending from some guilty land
Now ripe for vengeance ; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath ;
Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering Arm,

And

And on the miscreants pours destruction down !
Who can abide his coming ? Who can bear
His whole displeasure ? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into Size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
Th' astonish'd Earth, and from his looks throws round
Unutterable horror and dismay.

All Nature lends her aid. Each Element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven,
The fountains of the deep their barriers break,
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown creation, or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
An impious race.—Sometimes, when all seems peace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world ; full many a youth
Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desert shore :——At dead of night
In fullen silence stalks forth Pestilence ;
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With poisonous dew ; no smiting Hand is seen,
No sound is heard ; but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation ; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop : No friend, no refuge near ;

All, all is false and treacherous around,
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death,

But ah ! what means that ruinous roar ? Why fail
These tottering feet ? — Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in every pore,
Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave
Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave ; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons : the house, that should protect,
Entombs its master, and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him.—Shield me, gracious Heaven !
O snatch me from destruction ! If this Globe,
This solid Globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray ;
If my own mother Earth from whence I sprung
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly ?
Where look for succour ? Where, but up to thee,
Almighty Father ? Save, O save thy suppliant
From horrors such as these !—At thy good time

Let

Let Death approach ; I reckon not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for Man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke,
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling Candidate for thy compassion)
On this World's brink, and look into the next ;
When my soul starting from the dark unknown
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys
And all the lovely relatives of life,
Then shed thy comforts o'er me ; then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark Crimes
In all their hideous forms then starting up
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew ! and in their stead,
Let chearful Memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conscious innocence.—But chiefly, Thou,
Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heaven

T.

To bleed for Man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh ! still harder Lesson ! how to die,
Disdain not Thou to smoothe the restless bed
Of Sickness and of Pain. — Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt Soul anticipating Heaven
Bursts from the thralldom of incumbering clay,
And on the wing of Extasy upborn
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life,



HEAVEN:

H E A V E N:

A

V I S I O N.

BY

J. SCOTT, M. A.

Ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰ μὴ μὴ ὤμην ἤξεν πρῶτον μὲν παρὰ Θεοῦ σοφὸς τε καὶ
ἀγαθός, ἵππῃτα καὶ παρ' ἀνθρώπου τέλει ἐλευθέρου, ἀμείνων τῶν
ἐνθαδὶ, ἠδίκησεν αὐτὸν, ἐκ ἀγαθακίῃ τῷ Θεῷ αἰῶν. PLATO.

M D C C L X.

H E A V E N.

I.

FULL many a tedious hour, with care oppress,
 Stretcht on my weary bed, I wakeful lay,
 Sad troublous thoughts, like hornets, stung my breast,
 And brusht the dews of balmy sleep away.
 Ah! what avails, I cry'd with painful toil,
 By Virtue's stedfast star the bark to guide,
 Far from * ACRASIA's wily-wandering Isle,
 Where ease and pleasure the frail heart divide,
 If life's short voyage undistinguish'd tends
 To darkness, and the land where all forgotten ends?

II.

Shall Worth lie hid in Sorrow's baleful shade?
 And no reward shall suff'ring Goodness find,
 While VICE triumphant lifts her pamper'd head,
 † Nor hears the steps of Vengeance close behind?—

* *Spenser's FAIRY QUEEN, Book II.*

† *Antecedentem scelustum deseruit Pæna, HOR.*

Then take me, Pow'r of Beauty, to thy arms,
 And lull, ah lull to peace my troubled soul !
 Disclose, O God of Wine, thy purple charms,
 I'll drown reflection in the mantling bowl !
 'Gainst wind, and tide, let Stoic dullness fail,
 Be mine the calmest sea, and Pleasure's briskest gale.

III.

Pensive I mus'd, 'till rose the blushing Morn,
 And spread her saffron mantle o'er the skies ;
 When pitying MORPHEUS shook his opiate horn,
 And slumbrous humours drown'd my weary'd eyes ;
 Yet FANCY still awake, to sooth my pain,
 Sweet scenes of joy in liveliest hue pourtray'd ;
 She call'd forth all her bright ideal train,
 And pleasing truths in mystic dreams convey'd :
 Oh fail me not, thou fair enchanting Pow'r,
 At Sorrow's grim approach, and Care's distressful hour !

IV.

Borne thro' the yielding air, methought I flew
 To some more blissful clime, sequester'd far
 From this frail world, that just appear'd to view,
 Like the faint glimm'ring of a distant star.

Deep

Deep in the sea's encircling wave 'twas plac'd,
 As gems in silver ; hoary Ocean smil'd
 Chear'd with the pleasing sight ; and * from his breast
 Sent his sweet children, breezes fresh and mild :
 No clouds, nor darknefs, veil'd the chearful scene,
 Nor wintry blasts deform'd the ground's eternal green.

V.

Lo to the West a large and spacious plain,
 Where meet in concert, wood, and hill, and dale ;
 Brighter than all that muse-led Poets feign
 Of IDA's grove, and TEMPE's hallow'd vale :
 Tho' PENEUS there revolves his † amber stream,
 And suppliant DAPHNE spreads her branching arms ;
 Still trembling lest the Sun's prolific beam,
 Too fiercely wanton, blast her virgin charms :
 Would'st thou escape ? Go, coy relentless maid,
 Go chuse some worse retreat, some less luxurious shade ?

VI.

There blooming groves, gay smiling with delight,
 From her fair womb spontaneous Nature brings ;
 Where perch'd on every bough, all richly dight
 With painted plumes, some ‡ harmless Siren sings :

* *Ενθα μακαρων νασαν ωκεανιδες αυραι περιπνιουσιν.* PIND.

† *Αλιχθινον υδωρ.* CALLIM.—*Amnis purior electo.* VIRG.

‡ *Nemoris Siren, innoxia Siren.* STRADA'S NIGHTING.

Pleas'd with the wild notes Zephyr flits unseen,
 And on his musky wings the sound conveys ;
 While trickling soft, each vary'd pause between,
 The murm'ring riv'lets roll their silver base ;
 Winds, waters, birds in seemly sort agree,
 And am'rous ECHO blends the liquid melody.

VII.

Nor there alone was charm'd one scanty sense :
 The loaded trees ambrosial fruitage bear ;
 The * weeping shrubs their spicy gums dispense,
 Whose fragrance fresh-imbals the buxom air ;
 Thousands of flow'rs their filken webs unfold,
 Amarants, immortal amarants arise,
 These beaming bright with † vegetable gold,
 And these with azure, these with Tyrian dyes ;
 There laughing sweetly red the roses glow,
 While from their breathing souls celestial odours flow.

VIII.

But hark, a voice soft-warbling strikes my ear ! —
 “ Behold, O man, fair VIRTUE's ample meed ;
 “ Behold these radiant plains, this star-girt sphere,
 “ By righteous Jove her portion are decreed !

* *Flet tamen, et tepidæ manant ex Arbore Gutte.* OVID. MET.

† *Αρθεμα δὲ χρυσε φλεγεί.* PIND.

“ Mould

" Mould not, ah mould not then in idle cell,
 " But strive these rapt'rous Mansions to attain ;
 " Here all the wise, the brave, the virtuous dwell,
 " Eternal ages * free from care, and pain :
 " Here in ELYSIAN seats, their calm abodes,
 " Live in communion blest, † with heroes, and with gods !"

IX.

Eastward to this methought a different scene,
 Of equal beauty, charm'd my raptur'd sight :
 Wide spacious lawns with swelling hills between,
 And groves of bliss, and gardens of delight.
 There lotes, and palms their copious branches twine,
 And over-arching form delicious bow'rs ;
 There gush nectareous rills of dulcet wine,
 And honey'd streams revolve their milky stores ;
 Fresh-bleeding myrrh, and cassia shed perfume,
 Ananas swell with sweets, and wild pomegranates bloom.

X.

Fast by a fount, whose † *spicy waters* glide
 In am'rous mazes, on the velvet ground
 With blushing flow'rs all goodly beautify'd,
 A smiling troop of Virgins dance around ;

* *Αδαμνυ νεμοσιαι αιωνα.* PIND.

† *Παρα μεν τιμοις Θεω.* Ibid.

‡ Called by the *Arabic* Writers *Zenzebîl*, and promised by *Mar-*
phomet to all the Faithful.

L

Fairer

Fairer than DELIA's silver-buskin'd train,
 When erst, LADONA, by thy lili'd banks,
 Or cool *EUROTA's laurel-fringed plain,
 To breathing lutes they tript in seemly ranks;
 And fairer, CYPRIIS, than thy wanton quire,
 That melt the soul to love, and kindle fierce desire.

XI.

Their eyes, † like pearls within the shells conceal'd,
 Beauteous and black; their lips with rubies vye;
 On their fair cheeks, with white and red anneal'd,
 What thousand dimpling Smiles in ambush lie!
 See, see they point to yon embow'ring shade,
 Where cool gales fan their odorif'rous wings,
 And FLORA's freshest, softest couch is spread;
 The whiles some one this lovely ditty sings!
 Thro' all my veins what thrilling transport flew
 To hear the nectar'd words, dropping like honey'd dew!

XII.

“ Haste, gentle youth, for lo, the way is plain!
 “ Haste, gentle youth, and hear the PROPHET's call!
 “ These are the joys that true Believers gain,
 “ Immortal joys, that never know to pall.

* ——— In *Eurota Ripis*

Exercet Diana Choros ——— VIRG.

† See *Sâle's Koran*, Chapter the 56th.

“ Come

" Come then, ah come, thy weary limbs recline
 " On filken beds of roses sweetly strow'd,
 " Where to thy touch compliant bows the vine,
 " All faint and lab'ring with the luscious load ;
 " Where Nymphs of Paradise their charms reveal,
 " And with their am'rous spoils thy greedy eyes regale !"

XIII.

She ceas'd — And molten with excess of joy,
 Voluptuous Hope was busy in my breast :
 When lo, swift-darting from th' extremest sky,
 With Seraph-plumes, an Angel stood confest !
 A pure immortal Crown adorn'd her head,
 Of gold inwove with jewels ; in her hand
 The Book of Life, and Mercy was display'd,
 With ruddy drops of dying Martyrs stain'd ;
 Her eagle-eyes were quick, and passing bright,
 Yet beam'd serene, and mild, with Heav'n's celestial light.

XIV.

" And O fond foolish man," she cry'd, " forbear
 " Idly to glote on forms so light, and vain !
 " What are these joeund scenes, but empty air,
 " The fleeting coinage of a phrenzy'd brain ?—

L 2

" Yet

- " Yet ev'n in These, as * darkly thro' a glass,
 " Some faint, some glimm'ring view the eye may gain
 " Of those unmingled joys, that far surpass
 " Whate'er of bliss the wit of man can feign;
 " Those pure Delights, that flow in streams divine,
 " Where thy imperial Tow'rs, O heav'nly SALEM, shine !

XV.

- " For know, my Son, that they whose worth is try'd,
 " As gold by fire, by great and virtuous deeds,
 " Soon as the carnal fetters are unty'd,
 " That chain the soul, and stript these mortal weeds ;
 " Haply shall soar, in Robes of Glory clad,
 " To heav'nly Mansions, bright Abodes, prepar'd
 " † Ere the foundations of the deep were laid,
 " Or the firm pillars of the earth were rear'd ;
 " Ere GOD his golden compasses employ'd,
 " And markt this beauteous World on Chaos dark, and
 " void.

XVI.

- " There shall they live, O happy, happy spirits !
 " There shall they live remov'd from all the cares,
 " And thousand ills, that feeble flesh inherits :
 " No greedy Want, nor wayward Lust, that tears

* 1 Corinth. chap. xiii. 12. † Prov. viii. 6. 24. 25. 27, &c.

" With

- " With vip'rous rage the breast from whence it sprung,
 " Their deep-embofom'd peace shall e'er torment ;
 " But hymning sweet, the Angel Troops among,
 " Their undisturbed lays of pure content,
 " The smiling hours immortal shall employ,
 " In trance of holy ease, or extacy of joy.

XVII.

- " Then shall their eyes, from cloudy films secure,
 " With lightning-glance unmeasur'd space behold ;
 " And all the thousand Stars, that pave the floor
 " Of Heav'n, with orient pearl, or living gold ;
 " Then floating thro' the boundless Deep of air,
 " An azure sea, like gems of richest hue,
 " Myriads of Worlds thick-scatter'd shall appear,
 " With all their bright Inhabitants to view ;
 " Their active minds shall traverse, quick as thought,
 " Creation's ample fields, the range 'twixt God and
 " nought.

XVIII.

- " And oh what streams of music sweet, and clear,
 " Shall drown in deep delight their raptur'd souls !—
 " Ay me, in vain to Man's unpurged ear
 " Their heav'nly Notes each tuneful planet rolls !

- " Ay me, in vain with softly-thrilling voice,
 " * Thro' ev'ry land they hymn their Maker's Praise,
 " While Choirs of young-ey'd Cherubims-rejoice,
 " And to their golden Harps mellifluous Lays
 " Attuning, *Holy, holy, holy*, sing,
 " O Lord, Almighty God, the Saints' eternal King !

XIX.

- " But not in vain the tuneful planets raise
 " To pure etherial souls their voice divine ;
 " Nor yet in vain their great Creator's praise
 " Do gladsome choirs of young-ey'd Cherubs join ;
 " No blessed Sp'rit but hears the sacred song,
 " And wakes his lyre melodious part to bear
 " In the sweet symphony ; while all the throng
 " Of angels, and arch-angels, nay, the ear
 " Of God delighted listens to the strains.—
 " In Heav'n, and heav'n-born minds such rapt'rous
 " concord reigns !

XX.

- " But where, ah where can glowing tints be found
 " To paint the charms of † SION's sacred place,
 " ‡ Where CHRIST the Lamb in radiance sits enthron'd,
 " The || lively Image of his Father's Grace ?

* Psal. xix. 3, 4. † Heb. xii. 22. ‡ Psal. ii. 6. || Heb. i. 3.

- " O Flow'r of love ! O * glorious Morning star !
 " O † Sun of Righteousness, whose healing wings
 " Brought life, and peace, and mercy from afar !
 " From Thee the light, thou beaming Fountain,
 " springs,
 " That guides poor mortals in their weary way,
 " Thro' black Affliction's night, to Pleasure's endless day !

XXI.

- " JESUS !—and didst thou leave thy Bow'rs of joy ?
 " And didst thou leave thy Father's dear embrace,
 " Content with agonizing pangs to die
 " For man's forlorn, rebellious, sinful race ?
 " What bliss to hear the high mysterious story,
 " By all the Prophets, all th' Apostles sung,
 " And noble army' of Martyrs, crown'd with glory ;
 " Where blest, the six-wing'd Seraphins among,
 " They drink immortal, from thy rapt'rous fight,
 " Conceiveless draughts of Love's ineffable delight !

XXII.

- " Hail, saints of light ! who once the patient train
 " Of silent Sorrow, thro' the thorny road
 " Of mis'ry toil'd, and unappall'd by pain
 " With Pilgrim-feet the long, long journey trod !

* Rev. xiii. 16.

† Mat. iv. 1.

" O taught by them, thou man of earth, sustain
 " With firm unweary'd arm the dang'rous fight!
 " The * Prize of thy High-calling dare to gain,
 " † Victorious Palms, and robes of spotless white;
 " So in ‡ the Book of Life thy name shall shine,
 " And Heav'n's eternal joys, and transports all be thine."

XXIII.

Scarce had she spoke, when that || Cherubic car,
 Instinct with soul, and those self-moving wheels,
 That whirl'd the holy Sage, from CHEBAR far,
 ' Appear'd :— my breast the rushing impulse feels !
 I see, I see thy glitt'ring turrets rise,
 Celestial SALEM, all of § lucid gold,
 Inlaid with gems of thousand, thousand dyes !
 And lo, the everlasting gates unfold
 Their ¶ doors of pearl, and o'er my aching sight
 Full tides of glory flow, and streams of living light !

XXIV.

Of Light surpassing far thy glimm'ring ray,
 (More bright, more clear, more glorious, more divine)
 Tho' dress'd by thee, ** O golden Eye of Day,
 In gaudy robes the sparkling diamonds shine ;

* Phil. iii. 14. † Rev. vii. 9. ‡ Rev. iii. 5. || Ezek. i.
 § Rev. xxi. 18, 19. ¶ Rev. xxi. 21.

** Ω χρυσεας αμειρας βλεφαρον. SOPH.

Tho

Tho' yon fair Moon to thee her lustre owes,
 Gilding with borrow'd light the mountain's brow;
 And IRIS steals from thee each tint, that glows
 In the gay forehead of the show'ry Bow:
 Faint is thy feeble blaze, O beauteous Sun!
 Such peerless beams appear from Truth's eternal throne.

XXV.

See thro' the streets, * like liquid jasper clear,
 The Fount of life in mazy error flows!
 Thro' the bright † Crystal sands of gold appear,
 And heaps of pearly grain; while blooming grows,
 On either bank of dainty flow'rs profuse,
 The Tree of Life superior o'er the rest,
 Whose teeming branches nectar'd fruits produce:
 ‡ Twelve various fruits of sweetly-vary'd taste,
 From ev'ry leaf || salubrious dew's exhale,
 And pure elixirs breathe in ev'ry balmy gale.

XXVI.

Lo there, diffus'd along the sacred brink,
 Angelic choirs replete with love and joy,
 Conceive their God, and from his presence drink
 Beatitude past utterance!—There they lie
 On flow'ring beds of balsam, cassia, nard,
 And myrrh, a wilderness of rich perfumes;
 Embalm'd they lie, like that Arabian bird,
 'Midst od'rous shrubs, and incense-breathing gums,

* Rev. xxi. 31. † Ibid. ‡ Rev. xxii. 2. || Ibid.

Whose life springs recent from the sun-born fire,
While clouds of spicy smoke in bluish wreaths aspire.

XXVII.

But spare, O spare me, Heav'n!—my fainting soul
Sickens with bliss too great for mortal sense!
Come, o'er my limbs thy quick'ning waters roll,
Life-giving stream, and all thy balm dispense!
And thou, fair Tree, the source of all our woes,
(That bloom'd so fatal erst in EDEN's glade,
Transplanted since to Heav'n) thy friendly boughs
Extend, and wrap me in thy brownest shade!
O veil me from the LAMB's too glorious sight,
From Majesty's full blaze, insufferably bright!

XXVIII.

Trembling I wak'd with sweet excess of joy,
And on the wings of Sleep, more swift than wind,
Away the fickle, fond delusions fly;
Yet leave their Fairy-steps the trace behind:
Hear then, ye fainted Myriads, from your spheres,
And gently beam your kindest influence down;
Lift, lift my thoughts above life's groveling cares,
To Joys sublime, and Virtue's glorious Crown!
O guide my Virgin-Soul the high Abode
To reach the HEAV'N OF HEAV'NS, where reigns
th' eternal God!

PURITY

PURITY OF HEART.

BY

J. SCOTT, M. A.

Ἐνδοῦ ἑλπιεῖ, ὡδοῦ ἡ πηγή τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ. ANTONINUS.

Sic vivendum est, tanquam in conspectu vivamus ; sic cogitandum, tanquam aliquis in Pectus intimum inspicere possit, et potest. SENECA.

M DCC LXI.

P U R I T Y O F H E A R T .

IN that rude climate where the Alps arise,
 And mountains heap'd on mountains threat the skies,
 From one prolific hill their wat'ry stores
 The Rhone, the Rhine, the Po, the Danube pours :
 Thro' diff'rent lands their diff'rent course they bend ;
 Now prone in rapid cataracts descend,
 Boil, foam, and roar, the trees impetuous tear,
 And grate hoarse thunder on the distant ear ;
 Now stealing gently thro' their oozy bed,
 O'er smiling plains their beauteous plenty spread,
 With nect'rous dews the purple vineyards feed,
 Bid olives rise, and harvests crown the mead,
 Fair Commerce all her canyass wings unfold,
 And fly to distant suns, and shores of gold :

Thus from the Heart, that seat of joy, and woe,
 In various streams our various Passions flow :
 Now, loud as Ætna's smouldring torrents roar,
 They burst impetuous ; tides of reeking gore

Whelm

Whelm in promiscuous ruin heaps of slain,
 And dreary desolation sweeps the plain !
 Now gentler grown, with current smooth and mild,
 They cheer the barren, sooth the thirsty wild,
 By Reason guided, checkt, impell'd, produce
 In Life's fair plan all Ornament and Use.

This fruitful source, thus rightly understood,
 Of greatest evil, or of greatest good,
 Whence all their hues our tinctur'd Passions draw,
 O watch, preserve it pure, with sacred awe !
 Can streams be clear from fountains dark and foul ?
 Or Actions good, corrupt, and base the Soul ?
 No, LUCIUS, no—fair Virtue trembling flies,
 Or should she stay, her boasted beauty dies ;
 Devotion turns to farce, and sense and spirit
 Are—what ?—the venal Statesman's grand demerit.

When dear to Virtue, to his country dear,
 Accomplisht POLLIO charm'd the public ear,
 Firm as a rock 'midst wav'ring senates flood,
 And boldly stem'd corruption's venal flood,
 What crowds admir'd his wit and manly sense !
 What crowds ador'd his patriot eloquence !
 'Tis past, 'tis gone—and lo the wise, the brave,
 The virtuous POLLIO is a titled slave.

Blush,

Blush, Freedom, blush ! thy fav'rite Son is sold,
 And love for Thee submits to love for gold ;
 Dead to all fame, and to his parts unjust,
 He makes God's gift a pander to his lust.

Not so CAMILLUS, BRITAIN's dear delight,
 Firm to his trust, inflexible from right ;
 Born to support his drooping country's cause,
 Maintain her freedom, and secure her laws,
 To guide the frail machine with ceaseless care,
 Each crazy spring, and tott'ring wheel repair.
 Blest Statesman, that can Attic wit combine
 With Roman strength, and Eloquence divine ;
 Can Attic wit, and Roman strength employ,
 To blast the foes of heav'n-born Liberty !
 In vain Ambition spreads her tinsel charms ;
 And Pleasure woos him with extended arms,
 Drawn by no Party's devious glare astray,
 Those wand'ring fires, that glitter to betray,
 Up Virtue's steep ascent the Patriot toils,
 And meets his due reward in BRITAIN's smiles.

Say what 'twixt POLLIO's and CAMILLUS' part
 The difference makes ? I'll tell you, friend—the Heart :
 Be This the Patriot's pride, with this uncrown'd
 Wit is a jest, and Eloquence a sound :

I

This

This too the Saint's delight — unwarm'd within
Pray'r is mere babbling, sanctity is sin.

Constant at Church AVARO prays so loud,
His noisy zeal confounds the gaping croud ;
With hands uprais'd, and heav'n-projected eyes,
Full thrice a day he smites his breast and sighs :
Dissembling wretch, with heart so prone to evil,
A mere machine, a stopwatch to the Devil ! —
Will Nature's awful GOD so just, and wise,
Whose instant glance thro' all creation flies,
Pervades each Movement of our inmost souls,
Where thought impelling thought continual rolls,
Pleas'd with such off'rings view with partial Eye
Thy specious form, and well-feign'd sanctity ?
No — he beholds thee, Wretch, tho' wrapt in pray'r,
A Wolf disguis'd, a painted Sepulchre ;
Regards no more thy cant, and godly whine,
Than yon dumb statue, on the marble shrine,
Whose hands are seen in holy rapture clos'd,
And stedfast Eyes to heav'n alone dispos'd,
Pray'r's senseless image, where no soul within
Speaks thro' the form, and animates the mien.
When all the breast is pure, each warm desire
Sublim'd by holy Love's etherial fire,

On

On winged words our breathing Thoughts may rise,
 And soar to heav'n a grateful sacrifice :
 Not so, my Friend, when carnal Passions reign,
 And grosser acts of sin the Heart disdain ;
 Our souls all clotted by contagion grow,
 And brood, and grovel in the dust below :
 Like ling'ring Ghosts, that loath, as fables say,
 To leave the body, haunt their kindred clay.

But ah how few a firm, and faithful band,
 Th' assaults of warring Passions can withstand !
 With whirlwind-force they now the Heart assail,
 Now with surprize, and crafty feints prevail,
 Betray the fort, thro' Friendship's fair disguise,
 Till half-consenting vanquish'd Virtue dies.
 For ev'ry Vice to Virtue is ally'd,
 And thin partitions their weak bounds divide :
 To the pale Miser, bent with fordid pain,
 And brooding, harpye like, o'er ill-got gain,
 His fav'rite Vice the garb of Virtue wears,
 And drest by passion honest Thrift appears :
 'Tis Nature's law, voluptuous CLAUDIO cries,
 Steaming from stews, and brothel revelries ;
 'Tis Nature's law, decrepid HIRCUS swears,
 Love-sick, and lewd, at more than seventy Years :
 M What,

What, PUBLIUS, made thy gentle soul despise
The strictest bonds, and dearest charities ?
Rous'd thy young blood to more than civic strife,
And arm'd thy hand against thy Sov'reign's Life ?
The Dæmon Discord rose in CATO's form,
And blew the trump to freedom's false alarm ;
He caught the sound, and, mad with patriot pride,
In faction's cursed cause the rebel dy'd.

Thus the fond heart, by some dear passion sway'd,
Frail and corrupt is soon to sin betray'd ;
Vice by degrees a firm possession gains,
And o'er the willing Soul despotic reigns :
Dreadful no more the meagre hag appears,
Pursu'd by doubts, and harrow'd up with fears.
Trickt out in lavish ornaments she smiles
A dang'rous Circe fraught with charming wiles.
When some lone Traveller, from Ontario's shore,
Hears Niagara's rushing Cat'racts roar,
Appall'd he stands, with chilling horror pale,
Or flies impetuous to some distant Vale,
Where prone beneath the Myrtle's od'rous shade
Peaceful and calm may rest his aching head ;
Not so the native hind by custom brave,
Careless he hears the foaming Surges rave,

Views

Views the wild Scene with firm and steady brow,
 And cleaves in sport the madding Waves below ;
 Thus when at first from Virtue's path we stray,
 How shrinks the feeble heart with sad dismay !
 More bold at length, by pow'rful habit led,
 Callous and fear'd the dreary Wilds we tread,
 Behold the gaping Gulph of sin with scorn,
 And plunging deep to endless death are born.
 O sad estate, defilement base and foul,
 When Vice lethargic spreads o'er all the Soul ;
 When Conscience, that impartial judge assign'd
 By Heav'n to check, approve, condemn the mind,
 Like BUFO sleeps; and leaves poor Virtue's cause
 To a brib'd Jury, and to tyrant laws,
 To lusts corrupt and vile, that wrong to right
 Prefer, and, blind with rage, call darkness light.

How blest are they, my Friend, whose Hearts are free
 From Vice, and Passion's gross Impurity !
 Whose mental Eyes ideal truths behold ;
 And purg'd from films and tinctures of earth's mold,
 Pervade with lightning-force that blest abode,
 Where veil'd in brightness reigns th' eternal GOD.
 So * LOWTHER lives—No taint of modish sin
 Defiles the Image of his God within ;

* Sir WILLIAM LOWTHER, of Swillington, in Yorkshire, Bart.

M 2

Far

Far from the spotless temple of his mind
 Each base affection flies, and leaves behind
 Religion, and a love for all mankind :
 Of manners gentle and of truth severe,
 Tho' plain not rustic, courtly yet sincere ;
 Benevolent like heav'n, when all around
 It drops down fatness on the weary ground :
 No costly dainties on his board are spread,
 'Tis luxury to him the poor to feed ;
 Superior far to all the pomp of dress,
 He cloaths the shiv'ring Beggar's nakedness !
 A friend to every want, and every Woe,
 Nor scarce to Vice when in distress a foe ;
 So LOWTHER lives — Oh may he long remain
 The pleasing subject of my moral Strain !
 And when at length he quits the well trod stage,
 Retire the joy, and glory of his age ;
 As some fam'd Actor from the Scene withdraws,
 While crouds tumultuous thunder out applause,
 Or Grecian Victor, when the race was done,
 The Crown of glory claim'd, by Virtue won.

Oh could I live like him, and thus depart,
 What sober home-felt joy would swell my heart !
 No love of fame should then disturb my breast,
 Nor this, nor that Man's censures break my rest :

Malice

Malice In vain a cloud of dust should raise,
And Envy nip the tender buds of praise :
Pleas'd would I view the placid Scene within,
(Thro' a clear Medium, undisturb'd by sin)
Where all the Virtues to perfection rise,
And bear their blushing glories to the skies :
Blest in Oblivion leave the World behind,
And till with care the garden of my mind,



M 3

A N

Λ

H Y M N

TO

R E P E N T A N C E.

BY

J. SCOTT, M. A.

Ἰδε ευχαις λυσι των αμαρτηματων ευρισκομεν, και της θειας θερα-
πειουμεν, και μεταβαλλομεν, δια της προς το θειον επιτροφης
την ημεραν κακιαν ιωμενοι, παλιν της των θειων ασαθρητης
επελαυομεν. FRAGM. PYTH.

M DCC LXII.

AN



AN

HYMN TO REPENTANCE.

BASE World, begone!—Thy false delusive Joys
 No more shall lead my feet astray—
 Hence to the young, the vain, the gay,
 And proudly deck them with thy tinsel toys!
 Nor flatt'ring Hope, nor slavish Fear,
 * Those Nails that to this mortal Frame
 Fix the fond Soul, my Breast shall tear;
 No thirst for Pleasure, Wealth, or Fame,
 Tempt me to quaff thy charmed Cup, whose taste
 Unmolds the Form divine, and turns the Man to beast.

Base World, begone!—Cast on a friendly Shore
 No more I dread thy desert deep,
 Where swift the rushing Tempests sweep,
 And mad Winds rave, and boiling Billows roar:

* Ο γαρ ηδονης και αληθοнос ηλος, ως προς το σωμα την ψυ-
 χην προσηλοι. PLUT.

Behold

Behold no more, with wild Affright,
 The Rocks close-lurking for their prey,
 The black Clouds bursting on my Sight,
 While round the livid Lightnings play;
 O save us, save us! — Hark the doleful Cry,
 All mortal Strength is vain, they faint, they sink, they die!

Betimes escap'd, while yet breathe Summer-gales,
 While yet on Ocean's tranquil breast
 The little Halcyon builds her nest,
 I shorten all my Oars, and furl my Sails;
 O Wretch profane, sure triple Brags
 Girds thy proud heart, O Wretch profane,
 To let the doubtful Autumn pass,
 Yet tempt the Dangers of the Main;
 Careless of Home the blissful Port despise,
 Tho' scowl the low'ring Heav'ns, & Storms of Winter rise!

For me, I hang the votive Tablet high,
 And to this lone sequester'd Vale,
 With Care, and weary Watches pale,
 Retire, and muse upon Eternity. —
 Come, Goddess of the tearful Eye,
 With solemn Step, demure, and slow,
 Thy full heart heaving many a Sigh,
 And Clouds of Sadness on thy brow;

Oh

Oh come with Ashes sprent, in Sackcloth drest,
And wring thy piteous hands, and beat thy plaintive
breast.

Such was thy form, O heav'n-descended Maid,
When at her dearest Saviour's feet,
Bedew'd with tears, and Odours sweet,
Poor Magdalene repentant wept, and pray'd :
She wept, and swiftly to the Sky
The Steam like hallow'd Incense rose ;
When lo her Sins of Scarlet dye
Grew white as Wool, or Mountain-snows :
The Morning Stars with Joy triumphant rang,
And all the Sons of God their loud Hosannas sang !

Come then, my Magdalene, thy Aid impart,
O'er all my Soul thy balm diffuse,
And soften with the fleecy dews
Of penitential Tears my stubborn heart :
Teach me to search with honest skill
The Wounds that rankle in my breast,
To curb my Lusts, correct my Will,
And chuse, and cleave to what is best ;
Teach me to urge, with never-ceasing care,
The force of holy Vows, and Violence of Pray'r.

Oh

Oh come, my Magdalene, but leave behind,
Leave far behind thy frightful Train ;
Grim Penance, with an iron chain
Wont his gall'd Legs at stated hours to bind :
A barefoot Monk the fiend appears,
With Scourge in hand, and beads, and book,
His Cheeks are furrow-worn with tears,
Sunk are his Eyes, and lean his Look :
O wretched Fools, beguiling and beguil'd,
Can God be pleas'd to see his Image thus defil'd ? —

Drive too away that wild distracted sprite
Enthusiasm, and that foul fiend
Remorse, that loves his Heart to rend,
And sting himself to Death with scorpion spite ;
But chief that Tyrant of the Soul,
That cursed Man of Hell, Despair ;
See, see his livid Eye-balls roll !
What canker'd Teeth, what grisly Hair !
Anguish, and trembling Fear his Conscience quail,
And all Hell's damned Ghosts the shrieking Wretch assail !

O fly with such terrific Forms as these,
And seek the weary wakeful Bed,
Where the pale Murderer is laid
A ghastly Prey to Horror and Disease :

Or where th' Oppressor voids his breath,
Deaf to the Widow's bleeding Cries ;
Or from a bosom black as Death,
The Plunderer of his Country sighs ;
Where Libertines expire, and Atheists lie
Harrow'd with doubts and fears, and curse their God, and die !

See worn with Pain LORENZO, once so gay !—
The Pow'rs of Nature are at strife,
And the dim wasted Lamp of Life
Just feebly lifts an intermittent ray.
Oh mad, oh worse than mad to leave
To the short Mercies of an hour
Eternal Joys !—What would he give,
What thousand Worlds, if in his pow'r,
For time mispent, to watch, to fast, to pray,
And wash with contrite tears his shameful Sins away ? —

Poor Wretch, in vain !—Before his frantic Eyes
Th' inexorable Tyrant stands,
And arm'd with Scorpions in their Hands,
The fury-Terrours of his conscience rise !
What agonizing Pangs he feels !
What Tortures !—What convulsive Throes !
O fall, ye Mountains, fall, ye Hills,
Preserve and hide him from his Woes !

Have

Have Mercy, Heav'n !—Thy Succours, JESU, bring,
Retriumph o'er the Grave, and draw Death's poignant
sting.

Save me, what Shrieks !—And is there no faint Ray,
No glimm'ring from that light serene,
That gilds Death's melancholy scene,
And guides the Soul on her eternal Way ?
Hark the last Pang ! He faints !—He dies !
His Spirit bursts forth, and shiv'ring pale
To some black horrible Mansion flies,
There to despond, and howl, and wail,
Till Nature's wreck, till from the shrivel'd Skies
The last dread Trump shall call, “ Ye Dead, awake,
“ arise !”

O come betimes, sweet Penitential Pow'r,
And from such Soul-distracting care,
Such chilling Horrors of Despair,
Preserve me, shield me, at Death's trying Hour !
From Guilt of black enormous Dye
My breast is free ; I ne'er betray'd
A Virgin's easy Faith ; no murd'rous Lie
In secret Whispers have convey'd,
Nor with the Muse's everliving store
Embalm'd the carrion corpse of Wealth, or Pride, or Pow'r.
From

From Truth's straight Path, and Virtue's thorny Way,
 Have wandring Meteors false, and vain,
 The Glare of Honour or of Gain,
 Thro' Dirt, and Danger drawn my steps astray?
 Have I rejected Reason's Aid,
 And giv'n to headlong Lusts the Rein?
 Or prone beneath the myrtle Shade
 Of Indolence and Pleasure lain?
 Have I the tribute of a Tear deny'd,
 When Want unheard hath wept, and injur'd Orphans cry'd?

Good Heav'n forbid! — Yet still within my Soul
 Some leprous Spots of Guilt remain:
 Oh could I cleanse each grosser Stain
 In Jordan's Tide, or Siloa's healing Pool!
 Fond Thought! — More salutary Pow'rs
 In Sorrow's swelling stream reside,
 Than Siloa's Pool at stated Hours
 Could boast, or Jordan's cleansing Tide:
 This from the Soul sharp Humours can repel,
 Cure ev'ry festring Wound, and Death's dread Torments
 quell.

Here many a beauteous Pearl of costly Price,
 And many a Gem of purer ray
 Than all Golconda's Mines display,
 Lie hid in Darkneſs far from vulgar Eyes:

For

For These the cloister'd Virgin pines,
 Torn from each pleasing tender care ;
 For These her placid Breast resigns
 To midnight Grief, and midnight Pray'r ;
 Poor, hapless Maid !—May Heav'n her Vows regard,
 And all her wakeful Pains with endless bliss reward !

Go fly, ye filken fons of Pleasure, fly,
 And barter for fantastic Joys,
 Spurn'd by the Great, the Good, the Wife,
 What Asia's Monarchs have not Worth to buy !
 Chace ev'ry cloudy Thought away,
 Whose serious Gloom o'ercasts the Soul ;
 To Rapture give Life's little day,
 And bid full Tides of Pleasure roll ;
 Go where the loose-rob'd Forms of wild Desire
 Expand their Wanton Charms, and press the buxom Choir !

'Tis Madness all !—Be mine unknown to Sin,
 And Passions base, some lone Retreat,
 Some hoary Hermit's moss-grown Seat,
 Far from the guilty World's tumultuous Din.
 Whether in HAGLEY's sacred Shades,
 Where Inspiration breathes around,
 And by the much-lov'd Thespian Maids
 Their Lucy's plaintive Bard is crown'd ;

Or

Or HACKFALL'S Bow'rs, and woodland Walks invite,
Where Nature's various Charms, all rude of Art, delight.

O Lawns ! — O Hills ! — And O thou pleasant Vale,
Where URE'S meandering Waters roll !
What pensive Pleasures soothe my Soul,
What tender melancholy Thoughts prevail
At thy Approach ? — While am'rous Jove
On Flora's bosom deigns to play,
Still let me haunt thy blissful Grove,
Where all the rural Graces stray ;
There bid the folly-fetter'd World adieu,
And Wisdom's silent Steps with holy Zeal pursue.

There Contemplation dwells, that hoary Sire,
And points the way that leadeth right
To those most glorious Mansions, bright
With burning Stars, and everliving fire :
There, on her silver Anchor staid,
Sweet Hope to Heav'n directs her Eyes ;
While Faith, that eagle-sighted Maid,
Her far foreseeing Tube applies,
Whose mighty pow'r reveals the blest Abode,
In beatific Trance, where Saints enjoy their God.

N

THE



THE
R E D E M P T I O N.

BY
JOHN HEY, M. A.

M DCC LXIII.



N 2

CONTENTS.

C O N T E N T S.

IN order to form a well-grounded judgment concerning any mysterious doctrine which is said to have been reveal'd by God, the first natural step seems to be, to examine whether the Body of Laws and Doctrines of which it is a part, is really of divine original, or only of human invention; if the concurrence of external and internal testimony makes it more probable that it is the former than the latter, the next step is to examine with all possible caution and candour, what is clearly said in the books so reveal'd concerning such doctrine. This being done, the only necessary enquiry which now remains is, whether any objections can be offer'd of such strength as to invalidate the former testimony: if not, the whole is to be receiv'd for truth. This then is the general plan of the following exercise; and in pursuance of it, the Author, after hinting at the modesty, plainness, moderation and openness to conviction with which subjects of this nature ought to be contemplated and discuss'd, (line 20—29) by way of introduction, first points out the external evidence of Revelation (30), then the internal (43), with the improbability of its coming only from intelligent creatures superior to Man (85).—The prejudice from its appearing strange is next shewn to be a groundless one (97); and the consistency of the whole story both with itself and the known circumstances of Mankind, a presumption in its favour (105).

The rest of the Contents are as follow. The History of the Fall (115), — its consequences; natural evil (120), moral (200), — the reasonable fears consequent upon the latter (213), — the gradual preparation of the world for the coming of the Messiah (224), — his life, sufferings, exaltation,

C O N T E N T S.

exaltation, with the benefits of them to men (235), — the assistance of the Holy Spirit (310).

Reflexions naturally following from the perusal of this history of Mankind — gratitude and obedience due to God (326—347) — Indifference whether men look for Happiness in consequence of the Redemption or not, presumptuous (343), and dangerous (353): new relations cannot be reveal'd without imposing new obligations (361) — Repentance and care subsequent to an offence insufficient to take away its guilt or punishment (372); two instances (377). Our ignorance concerning the method how the sufferings of Christ redeem us from our sins, no objection to the divine original of the Gospel History (386); on the contrary such ignorance rather to be expected. 1. Because our knowing how they effected that end does not seem likely to answer any purpose to beings in a state of trial, or to open any new practical duties (390). 2. Because there are other general Laws of Providence, besides those by which our Redemption is effected, which we are ignorant of; and which at the same time it is more likely we should understand than those (399). 3. Because our Redemption is a System, and therefore, as we see it only in part, we can see none of it completely (417); two instances (429). — In Systems we can judge of the connexion between means and end only by experience — an instance (446). The universal prevalence of sacrifices over the world a presumption in favour of the propriety and efficacy of the Christian sacrifice (464). The way to lessen the ignorance complain'd of is to study the scriptures; the probability of this ignorance continuing till we come to know more of the misery which we escape by the Death of Christ, and of the happiness which we are to obtain (475). — 1st Objection, concerning the prevention of the Fall, of no Force to prove the History of the Redemption an human contrivance (488). — 2d Objection,

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jection, concerning the length of time taken up in effecting the Redemption, and the number of instruments employ'd, equally weak (535): as also the 3d and last Objection, concerning the injustice of the innocent suffering for the guilty (556).

Conclusion. At the day of judgment all irregularities will be corrected, and moreover will appear to be so, to every one concern'd (598).





T H E
R E D E M P T I O N.

WHOM shall the bard that dares of themes to sing
 Such as th' Angelic Choir in wonder mute
 Vainly * revolve, whom shall the bard invoke ?
 He trembles while he dares. Eternal Spirit !
 Whom shall he call but thee ? 'Thou think'st not scorn
 'To make thyself a lowly habitant
 In the mean cottage of the human breast,
 When Purity has been thy Harbinger :
 Come then, and lead the Virtues in thy train ;
 Alot to each her office ; ceaseless guard
 Still let them hold around this earth-born heart,
 And watch with closest glance its languid pulse,
 And purge the bursting humors as they flow,
 Lest Vice or Ignorance should prompt a lay
 To stain with foul disgrace the ways of Heav'n.

* 1 Pet. i. 12.

But

But above all do thou, Humility,
 Come from thy chosen place remote ; thine eye
 Downcast advance, quicken thy loit'ring step,
 And mystic dew of Caution sprinkle round ;
 The empty word mysterious erase ;
 The curious pride that rushes with bold step
 Into the awful counsels of Heav'n's King,
 Check ;—nor allow the gairish paint of Art.
 O may the strains glide even, uniform,
 Far diff'rent course from Fancy's light cascade ;
 Unruffled by the storms of Cruelty
 Gender'd in Persecution's gloomy cave :
 Free may they flow, transparent, uncongeal'd
 By th' icy breeze of Infidelity.

20

29

Heard ye that voice ? Sure 'twas the voice of Heav'n :
 In mild, majestic strains it pierc'd my ear,
 While Nature trembled at th' exalted sound
 Ev'n from her inmost frame ; what ailed thee
 That thou didst tremble ? That ev'n thou, proud Sea,
 Retiredst back with flight precipitate,
 Heap'd into monstrous mountains Chaos-like ?
 Why from the thirsty breast of flinty rock
 Gush'd the refreshing Stream ? Why, fell Disease,
 Thy dreary habitations didst thou quit ?
 And thou, O Grave, ope thy voracious Jaw,

Yielding

Yielding thy firm-feiz'd prey (unwonted gift)
At the dread found?—"Twas sure the voice of Heav'n.

And now on adamantine tablet see 43
Engrav'd in characters indelible
Th' important embassy ; ye Learned, read,
And tell us—did the vast, stupendous chain,
Deliver'd by the great Creator erst
Into the hands of Nature, and since held
By her with grasp unshaken, burst its hold
Obedient to some noxious Spirit of air,
(If true, how passing strange !) only to cast
Still thicker darkness round our filmy eyes ?
Or is the message of a kindlier sort ?
Displays it scenes such as from human eye
Malice would hide for ever ?—Say, ye Learn'd,
Its Laws how fram'd ? Steal they with wily art
Fair-promising into th' unwary breast,
And there diffuse their pois'nous juices round,
First pleasing, then destroying ? Or proclaim they
First trial, then reward ? Tend they to bless
The brutal appetite, or purer mind ?
Whom do they claim their Author ? Him who made
And will'd us happy ? Speak, O ye that gaze
Intent upon the dazzling adamant !
—Behold they smile propitious ! and lo, now

With

With nod benign they prompt our timid steps
To join their labours, and with studious eye,
Trace out the treasures of the sacred page.

Here may I stand infix'd ! in rapt'rous awe
Collecting the bright rays of truth that beam
From ev'ry point resistless : narrow orb !
O that thou didst avail thyself t' expand,
And catch the blaze of each illustrious beam !
That thy refracting powers could quench this glare,
And give to ev'ry image that thou form'st,
Grace of distinctness ! But it may not be.
— Yet much is clear : yes, num'rous are the rays
That dart instruction on this weakly sight,
And mark the truths to Man of chief import,
And light him on to *human* happiness.
— Here may I stand infix'd ! until this mind
Is satiate with pure wisdom from above ;
And till this heart imbibes the gen'rous warmth
That brooks no limit of benevolence.

'Tis Heav'nly all ! no spirit of *human* mould,
Gross and impure, could dare such lofty flights
Ev'n on Imagination's waxen wings.
Come then such tidings from the spirits of *air* !
Vain thought ! the *good* obey their Maker's will ;

85

Far

Far diff'rent task from spreading to the eye
Of wand'ring mortals, meteors of deceit ;
And never did *malignant* Dæmon joy
To shew all worlds the fount of human blifs,
And wave the ensigns of his own defeat.
Ah no ! 'tis Heav'nly all !

Here read we then the story of our race :
Strange—wond'rous tale !—yet is it therefore false ? 97
Surmise of narrow mind ! ev'n truth is strange
If now it first appear to human view,
Or if 'tis but illumin'd partially,
Here bright and there obscure ; did now this hand
First move, the Sun first rise, that plant first grow,
Wou'd not all view them with astonishment ?
— But is the signet of Heav'n's gracious King
Impres'd on error ? Truth and Falsehood's dregs 105
Can they Incorporate in one friendly mass ?
Ah no ! scarce ere can Falsehood with itself
Form a consistence ; and 'twixt that and truth
There is a strong repulsive faculty,
That spurns th' attempt of mixture so impure,
— Here read we then the Story of our Race :
But read with cautious fear ; lest Falsehood fly
Cloath'd in Conjecture's captivating guise,
Win us unwary to her foul embrace.

Form'd

Form'd from the dust the Parent of mankind 115
 Possess'd each faculty by Heav'n decreed
 For use or ornament of *Man* : no want
 He knew ; no imperfection he perceiv'd ;
 Save what all things endued with conscious sense
 Must ever feel ; dependence on their Lord,
 The first eternal Being : wholesome 'food
 Was his repast ; not chos'n, as by his Sons,
 After experiment where Danger lurks
 And frequent Death ; but vegetating free
 Within that space where his unarmed foot
 Trod with security the harmless turf,
 And gather'd as the voice of Heav'n enjoin'd.
 Far, sure, must be Disease from this blest scene,
 And Weariness and wan Infirmary ;
 Yet was the human body moulded erst
 Of Matter, still divisible ; whose parts,
 Knowing nor sense nor self-connecting pow'r,
 Time soon had moulder'd into native dust,
 Had not the word of the Creator bid
 That Tree arise, whose salutary fruit
 Convey'd Refreshment with perfection big,
 Preserving pow'rs obnoxious to decay,
 In the full vigour of immortal youth.
 —Difference of good and ill for man to know
 Was needless sure, while with the fearless eye

Of

Of an obedient son, he might look up
To the Almighty Father of his race,
And claim his guidance ; to that Heav'nly Friend
He might appeal, whose all-perceiving ken
Distance deceiv'd not, number ne'er confus'd,
Who saw all qualities of all things : Whence
To Man so favour'd, cou'd there e'er arise
Temptation to do evil ? Whence a cause
Why one sensation he shou'd e'er conceal,
Why caution or protection he shou'd use ?
No ; 'twas in naked purity he rovd,
Needing nor Art's concealment nor defence.
Led by the filken cords of Heav'nly Love,
He trod the paths of Safety ; yet not bound
In iron chain of dire Necessity ;
For conscious Liberty still smil'd within,
And rais'd the heart-felt glow of self-applause
At each obedient act : 'twas Liberty,
Not as of late time, harrassing the soul
With everlasting doubt ; impelling oft
In various paths ; paths terminating all
In thickest clouds of drear obscurity ;
But to one only doubt 'twas all confin'd ;
Whether the rank of mortals new-create
To God their guide shou'd constantly appeal,
Or Man himself shou'd be the guide of Man.

O fatal

O fatal Curiosity and Pride,
 (Fatal tho' rais'd by such bewitching arts
 That Candour pities, while stern Justice blames,)
 Ye made the hazardous, th' important Choice !
 Yet had the ear of Man imbib'd this threat
 In unsuspected force : (for knows the heart
 Suspicion, unexperienc'd in deceit ?)
 " The fruit of Life shall ne'er bedew thy lips
 " If such thy choice"—'twas Mercy, gracious Heav'n,
 Pronounc'd this sentence 'gainst Man's first revolt :
 Mild was the Law that will'd but to recall
 A voluntary gift ; no other ill
 Ensuing, save what from the choice itself 180
 Flow'd of necessity.—Yet, O just God !
 In what o'erwhelming torrents does it flow !
 The beams of Heav'nly light strike not his eye ;
 He wanders lost in Danger's thickest maze,
 His only guide a faint and glimmering lamp :
 At ev'ry turn see Mischief sudden start,
 While oft her Remedy in deepest shade
 Shuns ev'n th' exploring eye of Diligence.
 How frequent are his falls ! th' unnotic'd step
 Scarce ever safe ; th' experience ev'n of Age
 Of weak avail, to tread the maze unhurt.
 Now see this Lord of earth protect his head
 From elements created for his good ;

And

And now the impulse of his nature check,
Till Time informs him, whether, on the whole,
It tends to Mis'ry or to Happiness.
Behold him, or envelop'd in Distrust,
Or running into ever-present ill,
Productive soon of endless diffidence.

But the grand source of Mis'ry still remains 200
Unnotic'd : When the all-creative Pow'r
Into existence call'd the race of Man,
Relations beautiful were form'd 'twixt him
And certain modes of action ; proper, meet
To make him happy, and to be the test
Of his obedience ; consonant to these
He still had acted under God his guide ;
But since Ambition snatch'd the dang'rous rein,
Eager to drive o'er arduous paths unknown,
What Sun has seen these Laws inviolate ?
What Man can strike the pure unconscious breast ?

And yet, presumptuous reas'ner, wilt thou say 213
No ill shall follow ? Wherefore then these Laws ?
Or can that ill be adequately paid
To men yet subject to perpetual falls ?
Incredible ! Hence see a length of woe
To which no bounds appear ; stretch ere so far

O

The

The aking eye of Fancy, still there frowns
 The threat'ning storm of misery beyond ;
 Its gloom still heighten'd by the awful truth,
 Th' indisputable truth, that *God is just*.
 —But read again the Story of our race.—

Scarce had this revolution of our fate
 Left us in horror of the thickest night,
 When Mercy 'gan to dart a twilight beam,
 And gave to Man a faint and distant hope,
 That the bright Sun of righteousness would rise,
 And dissipate this gloom of black Despair.
 ---And now the rays of consolation glance
 With growing lustre through th' illumin'd air ;
 Till ev'ry eye, caught by the orient beams,
 Expectant turns towards the resplendent East,
 To view the glorious brightness of his rising.

224

The Son of God is born ; in form of Man
 He passes through the changes of our life,
 And spotless, bears th' infirmities of guilt ;
 Republishes that ancient law of Heav'n
 Which Man was first ordained to obey ;
 And though disguis'd, impair'd, disfigur'd, clog'd,
 Displays it in its genuine purity,
 And all its native comeliness of form.

235

His

His steps are prompted by Benevolence,
 His glare of greatness soften'd by the shade
 Of mild deportment ; from his modest lips
 Expires th' incense bland of Heav'nly Truth.
 —But, O great Lord of all ! what piercing scenes
 Now snatch my eye impetuous o'er the page !
 Mis'ry at ev'ry glance ! O quicker far
 Than cold Expression's pace it darts along :
 O Treachery ! Ingratitude ! blind Scorn !
 What havock do ye make !—Blest innocence !
 How dost thou groan beneath those dreadful pangs
 Which Guilt that only caus'd, should only feel !
 —But soft ! ev'n Mis'ry, so eventful, wills
 To be recorded, nay, and ponder'd o'er
 With thought deliberate. Shall Astonishment,
 Or Gratitude or Pity sway the breast,
 While we again peruse the tragic tale ?

The Son of God, a voluntary Victim,
 Spotless himself, to buy devoted Man,
 To reinstate him in his lost domain,
 To give for present, future pow'r o'er Death,
 To ope the friendly portal of Repentance,
 And guide the tott'ring step of Piety
 Through her long pilgrimage, to certain bliss,
 —Dies !—In confusion shrink each tow'ring thought,

O 2

Each

Each lustful appetite, each wild desire !
 Affliction, thou may'st raise thy drooping head,
 Thou, Mis'ry, smile ! unmoving is your moan
 While Man's Redeemer hangs upon the Cross.

But let not grief, though from the tender heart
 It burst resistless, stop th' important talk ;
 Peruse we still the story of our race.
 —Such are the virtues of this Victim slain :
 Yet virtues not promiscuously bestow'd ;
 On those alone deriv'd in full extent
 Whose steady trust can spurn the present good,
 And wait the meed of dim Futurity ;
 Whose humble mind, careless of self-desert,
 On him can fix its persevering hopes :
 Hopes, not vain Fancy's fabric, light as air,
 Bursting, like bubbles, on a near approach ;
 But founded on firm Reason's solid rock ;
 For lo, the son of Man from the cold grave
 Triumphant rises ; — hast thou now a doubt
 Whether this great, stupendous sacrifice
 Avails to draw the pois'nous sting of Death ?
 He rises ; not to drag a tedious life
 'Midst mortal frailties, but ere long to spring
 From this gross earth, and claim a purer air :
 At the right hand of Majesty on high

To

To sit, with never-fading glory crown'd ;
 His name, throughout Creation's ample range,
 Far above ev'ry other name extoll'd,
 Of Being that exists on Earth's domain,
 Or through the fathomless abyss of Heav'n.
 Touch'd with a feeling of infirmities,
 Such as deprav'd Humanity laments,
 With ceaseless intercession there he pleads ;
 Perfects our wretched sacrifice of pray'r
 And frail obedience ; 'fore the throne of God
 Off'ring them up with the accepted claim
 Of his prevailing Merits : gives our tears
 The wond'rous efficacy to blot out
 The stains of Guilt, indelible before ;
 And waits the round of Time to judge the World,
 And introduce the honest Penitent
 Into the ceaseless glory of his Lord.

“ But sure in Eden's grove God was the guide 310
 “ Of wand'ring Man ; and shall th' anointed Son
 “ Only in part restore the charter lost
 “ By disobedient choice of our first Sire ?”

To strike thee dumb, read here—the Spirit of God
 From Heav'n descending, dwells in dome of clay ;
 In mode far passing human thought, he guides,

O !

Impells,

Impells, instructs : intense pursuit of Good
 And cautious flight of Evil he suggests,
 But in such gentle murmurs, that to know
 His Heav'nly voice, we must have done his will :
 Such dictates only *Liberty* obeys ;
 Th' *undoubted* voice of Heav'n a guide unapt
 For beings now experienc'd in ill,
 And doom'd to walk the wild, perplexing paths
 Of constant Trial and Uncertainty.

Such is the wond'rous story of our Race : 326
 —Prostrate thyself, O Man ! With lowly heart
 And wonder-closed lips—pause—think—revolve !
 Think what thou art, and that the great Supreme
 Has deign'd to visit thine infirmities.
 Think of that tie which binds thy Nature's laws ;
 What sacred magic must pervade each link,
 When all the pow'rs of Heav'n and Earth are mov'd
 At its disunion ! O with horror think
 Of each rebellious action or intent :
 For now thou know'st how evil unforeseen,
 May flow in changeless tenor, ev'n from Laws
 Promulg'd by Wisdom and Benevolence.
 — But thanks be to the Father of mankind,
 Who op'd this avenue to real bliss,
 Remov'd each gloomy shade of nat'ral fear,

And

And on a solid base establish'd Hope,
 Pointing the way to Immortality ! 313
 Is there the Man, who hesitates to join
 This song of gratitude ? Exists there one,
 Blindly presumptuous, who dares to claim
 From Justice his *deserved* happiness ? 347
 Is there, that with a senseless disregard
 Casts the cold eye of Indolence along
 This sacred Tablet ? careless if he draw
 The living water from this purer source,
 Or from the troubled wells of his Forefathers ?
 If thou, my friend, art such, O hear the voice 353
 That shouts to wake thee from thy fatal dream :
 Think with what cries the partner of thy Soul
 Would rend the air, if on the narrow brink
 Of yon tremendous rock, he saw thee dance
 With heedless mirth : O think thou hear'st them now !
 Would it restore thy shatter'd limbs to plead
 Thy disregard of danger ?—But from whence
 This careless ease ? Does the great Lord of Heav'n 361
 Reveal the nice Relations of thy State,
 Regardless of the Duties which ensue ?
 Are thy Redeemer and thy Heav'nly Guide
 Made known, to be neglected or despis'd ?
 Sooner shall Sophistry pervert my mind
 To think that harden'd wretch of Heav'n approv'd,

O 4

Who

Who leaves his Parent, aged and infirm,
 To crawl through life in unsupported woe ;
 Or yields the helpless Orphan, or the Poor
 To the Oppressor's unrelenting fangs.
 —Thou say'st that sorrow will draw down the eye 372
 Of Mercy from above : that future care
 Will soon extenuate the past offence :
 But from what region do the magic pow'rs
 Of Fancy conjure up this airy Hope ?
 Go to the Sensual ; do his bitterest tears 377
 Avail to bring back Plenty to his board ?
 Or can they from his wasting limbs remove
 The pestilential gnawing of Disease ?
 Go to the dread tribunal of the Law,
 And hear the Murd'rer plead the num'rous Suns
 That saw no repetition of his crime :
 Say, does he thus ward off the blow ?
 Justice is deaf to the unmeaning plea.

But still methinks the frown of Discontent 386
 Sits low'ring on thy brow : thou would'st be taught,
 “ What Virtue is in voluntary Death
 “ To reconcile offenders to their Judge.”
 But say, should silence give thy needless doubts 390
 To spend themselves in air ; dar'st thou conclude
 The voice we heard was not the voice of Heav'n ?

What

What province in the guidance of the world
Dost thou uphold, that all the secret springs
Of Government must be display'd to thee?
Presumptuous reptile! it is thine to know
What it is thine to practise: all the rest,
To thee obscure, to God is clear as Day.

—Remember too—“ the Universal Cause 399
“ Acts not by partial, but by gen’ral Laws :”
Remember that of these, tho’ some thou see’st,
Myriads are hid from thine all-curious eye ;
While Nature’s prodigies before thee move,
Convincing thee of ignorance profound.
Tell me the Law whereby the Earthquake’s rage
Instant o’erwhelms in ruin unforeseen
The boasted monuments of human pride :
Why the Volcano pours his liquid fire ;
Why Pestilence and Famine stalk the earth,
And ravage uncontroll’d : th’ unnumber’d laws
Unfold to which thou giv’st one empty name
Of Chance. Shall these, vain man! elude thy search,
Enacted for the ordinary course
Of Nature’s operations ; and shalt thou
Murmur at the obscurity of those
Deriv’d from Exigency’s latent springs ?

Once more that Adamantine Tablet view ; 417
The grand Redemption of degen’rate Man

Is not a single, independent act,
 But one great System ; that perchance involv'd
 In the one only greater, God's high Law
 Pervading and supporting ev'ry part
 Of the stupendous Universe : to thee
 Dark are this Sytem's limits ; nay, the whole
 To thee unknown, save some minuter spots
 Display'd to shew the part thou hast to act
 In the alarming Scene. But know that he
 Who of a System fees but part, fees none.
 Behold yon stately Edifice ; where Art 429
 And Nature lavish all their richest stores,
 To charm thine eye with Majesty and Grace :
 —Let all, save that small fragment, now be veil'd :—
 Say, do it's beauties strike without impair ?
 Where is the Symmetry that smil'd around,
 The Greatness that so dazzled ? Where the Use
 That warm'd the Judgment into Admiration ?
 Alas, the veil was drawn, and they are fled.
 —Think'st thou the Indian, tho' before the Sun
 He bend the knee of worship, can conceive
 Aught of those Glories which ev'n thou conceiv'st,
 Who see'st him roll around his ponderous Mass,
 Enliv'ning ev'ry Planet in his train ;
 And in their rapid courses while they sing,
 With godlike firmness curbing their bold flight,
 And poizing them in heav'nly harmony ? He

He who on Systems oft with serious care
 Has fix'd Attention's eye, must oft have seen
 The tendency of parts to work their ends,
 Differing from his opinion preconceiv'd.
 Who of ye all, that murmur at the means
 By the Supreme for Man's Redemption chose,
 (Forgetting all that sage *Experience* taught,)
 Shall see yon Peasant hide within the ground,
 Far from his anxious view, the precious grain,
 His great support and friend, in steadfast hope
 Soon to behold it yield a glad increase;
 And shall not strait put forth the friendly hand
 To check the progress of his wild design?
 —Ask we, in short, where 'tis ye find the chain,
 Which here ye want, connecting *means* with *end*?
 Shall ye not say, “*Experience* is our guide?”
 Where then your guide is blind, how weak the hope
 To find the latent object of your search!

446

But tell me, can thy mem'ry range thro' time,
 Ev'n from the first Creation of our Race,
 And see the scatter'd tribes of varying men
 Recurring to the feeble victim's aid
 To expiate the guilt of past offence;
 Both where the light of Revelation shone,
 And where dim Reason shed a fainter ray;

464

Can't

Can'st thou such Uniformity behold,
 Nor yet presume there is a Law of God,
 Whereby the sacrifice of his dread Son
 Avails to purchase immortality ?
 —If still Impatience or Suspicion haunt 475
 Thy mind, where Knowledge will not deign to dwell ;
 Ponder that holy Tablet's precious lore ;
 Perchance, to recompence thy modest search,
 New light may beam from the great Fount of light,
 And pathways, hitherto untrod, appear.
 But sure we may with confidence unblam'd
 Dare to pronounce, that while the low'ring mists
 Of human ignorance so deep involve
 The mis'ry we escape, and bliss we gain ;
 No eye so clearly shall perceive the means
 Of gaining or escaping, as to judge,
 With Reason's suffrage, *how* they work their end.

“ Ign'rance the narrow mind of man may brook : 488
 * But shall Insensibility's cold hand
 “ Allay all ferment betwixt Right and Wrong,
 “ Wise and Unwise ? That were to leave no praise
 “ Due ev'n to God. Persist we then to say,
 “ That to *prevent* more suits the Good and Wise,
 “ Than to *permit*, what must anon be heal'd.”

Be

Be not deceiv'd : we seek not *here* to find
 A self-existent Being good and wise ;
 Or such thou own'st, or groundless all debate
 Of the unfolding his mysterious will :
 This wou'd we know ; whether the same great Lord,
 Who over Nature's powers sublime pretides,
 Did doubtless utter this alarming Voice,
 And bid this holy Tablet be engrav'd.

Arise then, thou that wou'd'st *prevent* our Fall,
 Arise, and let us see thee rule the world
 After thy darling principle : from thence
 Judge we, if to the same one point converge
 Thy schemes, and the decrees of Nature's God.
 — Behold yon circle of domestic friends,
 Each to his nightly couch serene retire,
 Unconscious of the fatal Spark which, shed
 From Indiscretion's brandish'd torch, now pants
 And labours to diffuse it's baleful pow'rs.
 Heav'ns ! with what horror do the bursting flames
 Dissolve the seal of Sleep ! Amazement starts,
 And wild Confusion bounds with frantic step
 Throughout the tott'ring mansion : How to fly,
 The first, great care. O desperate resource !
 Behold that tender Youth spring from on high
 And trust himself to Air : Alas ! too sure

Some

Some feeble Limb is shatter'd by the fall :
But see Compassion's friendly hand stretch'd out
To mitigate the anguish of his *Soul*;
And Med'cine's balm soothing the *Body's* pain,
Able, ere long, Health's firmness to restore.

Had thy superior wisdom govern'd here,
This scene had been *prevented*; then what need
To clog the mind with dull Discretion's bonds,
Or goad it with Compassion's pungent spur,
Or give to nat'ral bodies healing pow'rs?
—Thy scheme no doubt is wise: but yet methinks
Boasts not a freedom from these slight defects;
—Man first of human nature it despoils;
Then bids the Lord of Heav'n reverse that plan:
His Wisdom form'd before the birth of Time.

" Be then this Ill permitted ; and it's cure 535
 " Reserv'd in Mercy's inexhausted stores ;
 " But can that remedy proceed from Heav'n
 " Which wills us to conceive th' Almighty Pow'r
 " Lab'ring thro' years, with cumb'rous instruments,
 " Imploring too a Mediator's aid,
 " Ere he his gracious purpose can effect ?
 " —Better befits his pow'r to speak the word
 " And heal."—But say, dost thou expect a change
Sudden

Sudden and self-effected to arise
 From the great God of Nature ? Shew us then
 Some upstart being perfect at it's birth,
 Or instant perishing without decay.
 Shew us the hand of Providence unarm'd
 With instrument, or senseless, or inform'd :
 How did thy mind, thy body, all thy pow'rs
 Attain that fulness of Maturity ?
 And whence the Good and Evil of thy state,
 But from the creatures of thy Sov'reign Lord ?
 His Scourge the Tyrant, his Reward the Friend,
 His Gift the Fruits of earth, his Messengers
 The Winds, his Minister the flaming Fire.

“ Grant then that thus to remedy is wise ; 556
 “ Yet does the God of Justice disregard
 “ If Guilt or Innocence be doom'd to pain ? ”
 Hence with the impious thought ! But dost thou deem
 That voice was not the voice of Nature's God,
 Because it publish'd our deliv'rance wrought
 By sufferance meek of voluntary woe ?
 Alas ! full little dost thou mark the scenes
 Of Providence, which flit before thine eye.
 How oft in them is wretchedness of Guilt
 Alleviated by suffering Innocence !
 —Mark that impetuous Youth : the sev'rish fire

Of

Of Passion seizes all his nobler pow'rs :
The Phantom Pleasure trips with airy swim
Before his dazzled eye : mark the pursuit
How eager, how intense ? —and now he hopes
To grasp her in his arms —and now she flies—
Ever at distance, seeming ever near.

At length behold her vanish from his view,
When lo, a grisly band of pallid Fiends,
The meager train of Want, surround and seize
Him languid with pursuit ; now see him bound
In squalid fetters by Profusion knit,
Stranger to Liberty, and the pure breath
Of wholesome air. Despair mean while aloof,
Hovers expectant of her destin'd prey.

—But whence that hoary sage who enters there,
The meek tears stealing down his furrow'd cheeks,
And Virtue's footsteps printed on his brow ?
His staff a weak support for Age and Grief !

—Sure 'tis Paternal Love : mark with what care
He gazes on the guilty Youth ! how mild
Are his reproaches, and his Soul how bent
To rescue him from Slavery and Woe,
Regardless of the ill himself must bear !
Can'st thou see this, nor own thy Nature's Law
Decrees such friendly interchange of pain,
While we are passing thro' this vale of tears ?

—And from whence is it, that the Son of God
Shall not, if such his gracious will, assist
In the grand progress tow'rd's eternal bliss,
And suffer for the guilty race of Men ?

But let Contention cease : wait we the Hour, 598
When all things shall arrive to that one point
Whereto they have converg'd ere since the World
Was first awak'd from Chaos into Life.
When all the parts of this unfinish'd Scheme
Shall be compacted in one perfect Whole ;
And what was deem'd unfit, shall strike the eye
With all it's genuine Symmetry and Grace ;
Then shall the Justice and Benevolence
Of our Eternal Lord unclouded shine ;
Seen by Reflection's broken rays no more ;
Themselves the naked objects of our view :
Then shall the great Redeemer of Mankind,
Nay ev'ry meaner Sufferer, receive
The meed, tho' long-reserv'd, of ten-fold Bliss :
And Mercy hide in her maternal Breast
The shame of him, who trembles to look up
To the Tribunal of the Righteous Judge.

P

T H E

THE
CONVERSION
OF
ST. PAUL.

BY
JOHN LETTICE, M. A.

MDCCLXIV.

THE
CONVERSION
OF
ST. PAUL.

“ **Y**ES—gentle Shade (Heav’n on thy bounty smile !),
“ The lib’ral purpose of thy glowing Heart
“ Breaths nought save Peace, Religion, and the Love
“ Of sacred Verse. Thou woo’st the mystic Pow’rs
“ That frame sweet Numbers to the golden Lyre,
“ To fly those turbid Regions, where, condemn’d
“ The chaster Honours of poetic Lore,
“ Lost all the Dignity of antient Song,
“ Long have they chanted to the frantic Voice
“ Of civil Discord, and fraternal Rage
“ Responsive. May thy gen’rous urgent Call
“ Allure the Wand’ers to CAM’s hallow’d Groves,
“ Once more to fill these much-neglected shades
“ With sweetest Minstrelsy of magic Sounds.”

P 3

Such

Such Answer from the Voice of Fancy flow'd,
 As late, methought, some Vision's airy Charm
 Call'd to my View the venerable Shade
 Of SEATON, much lamenting that the Muse
 Regardless of th' exalted Province, erst
 Asserted with such jealous Care, should yield
 Her Lyre divine, her high-enchanting Strains
 To Spleen, Revenge and unrelenting Hate,
 The baleful Offspring of disastrous Times.

Come then, sweet Chantress of celestial Airs!
 Inspire thy suppliant Vot'ry, whilst he sings
 The Man of Tarsus, from Gamaliel's Feet
 Rais'd to the Converse of the living God.

How thick that Cloud! that Darkness how profound!
 Which o'er the mental Sight blind Prejudice
 Suspends, impervious to the brightest Rays
 Of moral Evidence. Ah zealous Saint!
 Had Heav'n to Thee vouchsaf'd no stronger Light
 To guide thy devious Foot-steps through the Gloom
 Of Error's Maze, long as the vital Stream
 Had warm'd thy dauntless Heart, the swelling Pride
 That Nature gave, th' unconquerable Rage
 Of Jewish Bigotry, the callous Sense
 Deaf to the Charmer Reason's Call, so long

Had

Had chain'd to Earth thy captivated Soul.
 But—Gracious Pow'rs! what Burst of blazing Light!
 Lo! where th' effulgent Streams of purer Day,
 Surpassing far the Radiance of the Morn
 First rising o'er the Bow'rs of Paradise,
 Spring from Heav'n's azure Canopy! And hark!
 Some Voice tremendous, like the fearful Roar
 Of rushing Cataracts, pervades the Air—
 "Saul! Saul! what Madness lifts thine impious Arm
 "To brave th' Omnipotence of Heav'n? Forbear,
 "Rash Mortal! Check thine unavailing Rage,
 "Nor longer with eternal Adamant*
 "Wage fruitless War. What? Can an Insect's Sting
 "Rift the firm Oak? Or shall the Lion fall
 "A recreant Victim to the timid Lamb?—
 "With Rev'rence wait the high Behests of Heav'n;
 "And know, proud Reptile! 'tis that Sov'reign Pow'r,
 "Th' immortal God thy Fury braves, whose Voice
 "Arrests thine Ear." Soon as the first Alarm,
 That lock'd each Sense in dumb Astonishment,
 Had ceas'd, the prostrate Seer, with trembling Tongue,
 The heav'nly Vision fearfully address'd—

* *Ἀδάμαντα πάειν*—carried with it, among the Antients, the same proverbial Import as—*πρὸς τὰ κέντρα λακτίζειν*.

" O! Source divine of Love and Goodness! loſt
 " In the wild Tranſports of th' impaſſion'd Soul,
 " Terror, Remorſe, Hope, Gratitude and Joy
 " By turns triumphant o'er each captive Thought,
 " What ſhall I ſpeak, or how be ſilent? Deſign,
 " Eternal Spirit! to declare thy Will:
 " Say, why vouchſaf'd thy Preſence, why diſplay'd
 " Thy Glories to a Reptile of the Duſt?"
 He ceaſ'd.—The Voice celeftial thus reply'd—
 " Ariſe! to fair Damafcus' Walls purſue
 " Thy deſtin'd Courſe; there ſhall the deep Decrees
 " Of Heav'n, ere long, to thine illumin'd Senſe
 " Unclouded ſhine." Obedient roſe the Seer
 Of God high-favour'd; but behold! his Eyes
 Plung'd in the Torrent of th' empyreal Blaze
 To dreary Night conſign'd. Th' obſequious Train,
 The Partners of his fell vindictive Zeal,
 Speechleſs with Horror, guide his painful Steps
 To the fam'd City. Three long tedious Days
 An Exile from the chearful Sun, no Food,
 No Draught refreshing to his Wants ſupply'd,
 There did he ponder, in his chearleſs Breſt,
 The Mazes of th' Almighty's Will. Three Days
 Expir'd, by Heav'n's propitious Guidance led,
 Arriv'd the Miniſter of Light. He ſpoke
 The magic Word of Faith; and inſtant fell

The

The Veil of Darknes from the Zealot's Eye.
 Once more the vivid Splendor of the Sun
 He saw, and thus pour'd forth th' extatic Joy :
 " Hail, blessed Orb ! ætherial Brightness, hail !
 " Welcome ! the genial Luxury of Light ;
 " Thrice welcome it's Return ! But Oh ! what words
 " Shall hail the Day-spring of immortal Truth !
 " What Words can paint the Radiance of her Beams
 " First darting on the Soul ! Purg'd the thick Film
 " Of Jewish Ignorance from Reason's Eye,
 " Now stand reveal'd the wise, the wond'rous Schemes
 " Of Providence. I see, confess, adore
 " The Miracle of Mercy, Grace and Love,
 " Vouchsaf'd Man's guilty Race, vouchsaf'd e'en Me !

Th' enraptur'd Convert ceas'd. The sacred Lymph,
 Mysterious Prelude of regenerate Life !
 Confirm'd th' auspicious Change. Faith, Fortitude,
 Light-winged Hope, and the cherubic Throng,
 That with the ductile Spirit of the Soul
 Congenial, still attend on Virtue's Paths,
 Hov'ring around Heav'n's fav'rite Profelyte,
 Fix on his Breast their adamantine Seal.

Each holy Rite perform'd, the zealous Saint
 Pour'd from his Tongue spontaneous the Stream

Of

Of Eloquence and Inspiration. Lo!
 The gazing Synagogue, in wonder wrapt,
 Devour his pregnant Speech. Th' instructive Sage
 With simple Style, deliberate Address
 And nervous Argument, now vindicates
 The great Messiah. Now with Words that live,
 With Thoughts that burn, the last tremendous Day,
 Expiring Nature and the Doom of Man,
 He thunders on the Soul. Sin's ghastly Front,
 Her Shape deform'd, the Poison of her Touch,
 Behind Her Vengeance with eternal Fire,
 He next describes. Affrighted Conscience 'wakes;
 The Murd'rer starts aghast! th' Oppressor groans;
 Th' Adulterer trembles, and the Harlot weeps.
 What Heart so pure, so innocent of Vice,
 But shudder'd there?—Now with mellifluous Tongue,
 He sooths the Scorpion-sting of conscious Guilt.
 Behold! each faded Countenance relum'd
 With Hope and Gladness, whilst the chosen Saint
 Unfolds the Myst'ries of redeeming Love,
 Of Grace and Mercy infinite, displays
 The high Rewards of Penitence and Life
 Reform'd, the Freedom of the Christian Yoke
 Avers, and testifies th' eternal League
 'Twixt Happiness and Virtue. Now to crown
 The Preacher's Talk, with sweet persuasive Phrase,
 He

He wins th' enchanted Auditors to Peace,
Long-suff'ring, Gentleness and social Love,
The godlike Spirit of his Master's Laws!

Was this the hot vindictive Pharisee?
O strange Conversion! This th' impetuous Saul,
That late dire Menaces and Slaughter breath'd?
Was this, sage * Priest, the Minister of Wrath
Fix'd by the dreaded Sanction of thy Power
To hurl Perdition on the rising Church?
What? Were those Hands, now lifted up to Heav'n
To bless Man's great Redeemer, once imbrued †
In the pure Blood of his devoted Saints,
And consecrated Martyrs? Wondrous Change!
But what can check that all-controlling Power,
Who turns the Course of Nature at his Will;
Whose Word was Med'cine to the Sick, whose Call
Awoke the Grave's cold Tenants, whose firm Step
Trod the soft Surface of the Ocean, whilst
His potent Voice bad the curl'd Waves subside,
And hush'd the Wind's wild Uproar into Peace?

Behold! th' illustrious Convert now invades
The Reign of Gentile Darkness. See! appall'd

* The high Priest of *Jerusalem*.

† Ὁς ταύτην τὴν ἰδὼν ἐδίδαξα ἄχρη βασιλείου, &c. Acts xxii. v. 4.

Black Superstition, with her baleful Throng
Of self-bred Fears, and unembodied Forms
That haunt Despair ; the foul unholy Train
Of molten Idols and fantastic Gods
Shrink at his Presence, like the fleeting Shades
Of sullen Night, when first Hyperion's Orb
Scatters it's purple Radiance o'er the Skies.
Nor long the Majesty of Jove supreme
Withstood the Thunder of the Preacher's Tongue.
Totter'd his Throne, his golden Sceptre fell ;
Nor more Olympus trembled at his Nod,
No longer smok'd his odoriferous Shrines
With Frankincense and Myrrh, the fragrant Breath
Of Araby ; nor bleeding Hecatomb
Distain'd his blushing Altars. Solemn Praise
And Pray'rs devoutly breath'd, the Tears, the Sighs
Of penitential Grief, the broken Heart
Now form'd the Gentile's purer Sacrifice
To the true God. — The philosophic Lore
Of learned Athens sunk e'er long, eclips'd
By Truth's resistless Blaze, The vain Parade
Of empty Jargon and unmeaning Forms
No longer won the prostituted Praise
Of wond'ring Greece. The Stoic's fond Pretence
Was urg'd no more ; the boasted Apathist
Confess'd the Strength of Nature, own'd the Power,

The

The Use of Passion, deign'd to feel himself,
 And sympathize the Miseries of Man.
 Nor long the Dictates of thy sensual Mind
 Allur'd th' unwary Step of Youth to Sin,
 Lascivious * Sophist ! Thy Disciple erst
 That quaff'd the luscious Sweets of Circe's Cup,
 Hung on the Siren's fascinating Tongue,
 And thrill'd with Transport at the Harlot's Smile,
 Now sighs for Pleasures which no Eye hath seen,
 No Ear hath heard, nor mortal Heart conceiv'd.
 No more he babbles of thy foolish Dreams
 Of self-concurring Atoms, and blind Chance
 Omnipotent : where'er he turns his Eyes,
 Amaz'd he traces, thro' each wondrous Scene,
 The Hand of Providence. Each Attribute
 That points th' Almighty Parent of the World
 To Man's Conceptions, legibly portray'd
 On Nature's Page, th' enlighten'd Convert sees ;
 And as he views, his elevated Breast,
 With inextinguishable Ardor, burns
 For Truth, for Life and Immortality.
 Where'er the Preacher roll'd the powerful Tide
 Of Inspiration, from each fabled Haunt
 Foul Error fled, whether the Roman School,
 Or Attic Portico her Presence held ;

* Epicurus.

Or

Or the dark Inmate of the Pagan Shrine,
She heap'd vain Incense to some Idol-God.
O ! may those living Oracles of Light,
That boast the Sanction of thine hallow'd Pen,
Illustrious Convert ! o'er each gloomy Land,
Where still pale Fear and Superstition reign,
Spread the rich Treasures of immortal Truth.
May the lewd Prophet's Brothel-Paradise,
Base Hope of wretched Ignorance and Lust,
Allure no more the Pilgrim's weary Step
To Mecca's Walls : no longer FOHI's Name
Usurp the prostrate Adoration, due
To God alone : nor more th' unconscious Sun
Provoke the trembling Indian's fruitless Vow.
But may one Mind, one Faith, one Hope, one God
Unite the scatter'd Progeny of Man.

THE



THE
C R U C I F I X I O N.

BY
THOMAS ZOUCHE, M. A.

M DCC LXV.



THE

THE
C R U C I F I X I O N.

ENOUGH has fiction's fairy scene deceiv'd
 My dreaming hours of youth : with pensive step
 Musing along the cloyster's silent gloom
 Thee, Holy Truth, I woo : thy graceful charms
 Far lovelier than the damask rose that glows
 On beauty's cheek, the poet's moral strain
 Excite.—Ye fabled songs, adieu ! adieu,
 Imagination, to the dazzled eye
 Shooting thy gorgeous phantoms ! hence, ye dreams
 Of sublunary glare, the gem of wealth,
 The plume of honour ! To her awful shrine
 Devotion wafts me, where the white-rob'd priest
 With heart-felt transport on the wing of prayer
 Extatic rises, or with waving hand
 And all the decent elegance of ease
 Mysterious truth unfolds, whilst on his tongue
 Attention hangs enraptur'd. At that altar

Q

Peace

Peace sheds her balmy influence, far from Guile
 And all his hideous offspring : Envy wan
 With jaundic'd eye : Ambition's blustering voice
 Brawling for titles : hollow-hearted smile
 Of cringing Adulation : dog-ey'd Lust
 Rifling the bosom of chaste innocence.

For say, can fancy, fond to weave the tale
 Of bliss ideal, feign more genuine joy
 Than thine, PHILANDER, when the Man of God
 Gives to thy hand the consecrated cup,
 Blessed memorial of a Saviour's love !
 Glowing with zeal the humble Penitent
 Approacheth : Faith her fostering radiance points
 Full on his contrite heart : Hope cheers his steps,
 And Charity, the fairest in the train
 Of christian virtues, swells his heaving breast
 With love unbounded. Feast of bliss supreme
 To eat the bread of life, to drink the cup
 Of benediction !—Memory bids the scene,
 Th' important scene, arise, when dread dismay
 Alarm'd the nations. Melt, thou heart of brass :
 Death triumph'd o'er its victor. Wild amaze
 Seiz'd all the host of heaven, moaning their God
 In agony transfixt, his every sense
 A window to affliction : sorrow fill'd

This

Their tide of tragic woe, and chang'd the note
 From fervent rapture to the gloomy strain
 Of deepest lamentation. O how pure
 Th' effulgence of his bounty, that completes
 Redemption's mighty work, the source of joy !

Hail heavenly Love, that with eternal sway
 Pervades creation's amplest bounds ! 'Twas Love
 That bade existence spring to life : the sun,
 Inspher'd in radiancy, began his course,
 And vegetation from the earth's warm lap
 Call'd forth her genial powers. 'Twas Love that form'd
 Redemption's glorious plan. Ye white-wing'd hosts,
 Cherubs and seraphs, that enrob'd in light
 Drink the pure stream of ever-during day,
 In hallelujahs chaunt the grateful hymn
 Of adoration : from your sapphire seats
 Hail the glad tidings, that to Man is giv'n
 A Saviour merciful. But chiefly ye,
 Daughters and sons of Adam, raise the song
 Of gratulation meet.—Ye young, ye gay,
 Listen with patient ear the strains of truth :
 Ye who in dissipation waste your days,
 From Pleasure's giddy train O steal an hour,
 With sage reflexion nor disdain to gaze
 The solemn scene on CALV'RY'S guilty mount,

Q. 2

Where

Where frighted nature shakes her trembling frame,
And shudders at the complicated crime
Of deicide.—The thorn-encircled head
All pale and languid on the bleeding cross,
The nail-empierced hand, the mangled feet,
The perforated side, the heaving sigh
Of gushing anguish, the deep groan of death,
The day of darkness, terror and distress :
Ah ! shall not these awake one serious thought ?

Sin, I detest thee : murd'rous child of night,
Hence to thy native hell ! in Eden's vale
Rov'd our first parents, bosom'd in content,
Gay as the spring, and innocent as gay.
Thou dash'd their draught of bliss, their sweets of joy
Mingling with gall. Misfortune's haggard crew
Hence o'er the wide creation ruthless prowld,
And rioted on man. Can aught arrest
Th' Almighty's anger ?—Yes : the victim bleeds,
His own dear Son, from bondage to exalt
A ransom'd world, to blast the damning power
Of Satan, Sin, and Death. How chang'd from him,
Whose Majesty in native lustre shone
Sevenfold, when on th' eternal throne he smil'd,
Long ere yon planets in their measur'd Orbs
Revolv'd : or walking on the whirl-wind's wing

He

He rais'd his arm, and drove the rebel brood
 Down to their black abyfs : beneath his feet
 The flames flash'd horrible : before him fled
 The ghastly train of pestilence and woe.

On Revelation's sacred page intent
 The eye of faith surveys the mighty deed
 Shadow'd in mystic type, when Abram urg'd
 By heaven's all-wise behest, with eager zeal
 Snatch'd from a mother's weeping care* the child
 Of laughter, on Moriah's secret top
 Binding the spotless hands of innocence,

How vain the breath, how empty all the boast
 Of popular applause ? To day we soar
 The sons of fortune, favour'd by the croud,
 Their idol and their God. The morrow blights
 Our bud of fame. The rabble change their notes
 From hoarsest acclamation to the hiss
 Of harsh contempt : the many-headed beast
 Hark how he shouts for blood and impious carnage !
 See Israel's humble King, mild as the lamb
 Beneath the murdering knife, amidst the sneer
 The taunt of mad reproach, led to the cross,

* præ Isaac a risu dictus est. Gen. xxi. 3. Buxtorf.

To shame and bitter death. Him late they rais'd
 To fame's bright summit, when they sung his name
 With loud hosannas, or with silent ardor
 Dwelt on his tongue, list'ning the happy lore
 Of evangelic joy. Ye ruffian tribe,
 Ah ! check the ruthless Rage, that drowns the voice,
 The faithful voice of reason, to your God
 Prefers sedition's son, whom foul with crimes
 Ripe vengeance waits, and awful justice calls.

Ye men of Judah, let one languid spark
 Of soft compassion melt your iron hearts !
 O stay the cruel stroke, the blood-stain'd scourge
 Forbear : O spare, for pity spare that wound :
 Support his falt'ring steps : he faints, he dies :
 Your King, your meek Messiah faints : he sinks
 Beneath th' oppressive load ; up the steep mount
 He toils panting, and harrafs'd with fatigue.

But shall oblivion's raven wing o'ershade
 The ever-blooming fame of Salem's daughters ?
 Then weep, ye fair, and with prophetic tears
 Swell the full stream of Grief, sincere as erst
 When Herod's vengeful arm in infant blood
 Drench'd his wide-waisting sword : with rueful shriek
 The childless parent wander'd Rama's flocks.

Your

Your gentler breasts to sympathetic sighs
 Indulgent nature melts. Remorseless Man
 With heart of roughest mold sheds not one tear,
 Nor wails a Saviour's death. To you the Muse
 Shall twine her wreath of praise: ye felt his pangs,
 Ye moan'd his agonizing grief of Soul.

How calm the Sufferer! not one rageful word
 Of wild impatience: no resentment shakes
 His harrow'd breast. Cheerful and mild he meets
 The savage king of terrors. Lo! to Heaven
 On mental wing his zealous prayer ascends.
 But ah! for whom?—For you, ye sons of pride
 That led him to th' accursed tree of shame.
 "Father, forgive them."—Hence, far hence the fury
 Of wrath and vengeful hatred! Christian Love,
 With universal Charity inspire
 My breast: extinguish every latent spark
 Of low revenge. Give me to breathe the flame
 Of tenderest affection, to sustain
 Unruffled and serene the mean attacks
 Of enmity and slander. Thus to tread
 A Master's heavenly steps, like him, to bear
 With patient mind insult and rash abuse,
 Be this my boasted glory, this my pride!

Great God of Truth, shall equal terrors fall
 On innocence and guilt? The noon-tide ray
 Mix with the midnight gloom? The Son of Man,
 The great High Priest, harmless and undefil'd,
 With impious ruffians numb'red, dies the death
 Of unrelenting justice? Fierce as Hell
 Yon harden'd murd'rer breathes out his angry soul
 In blasphemous defiance. Foul reproach
 Flows from his venom tongue: avenging death
 With tenfold darkness brooding, opes to view
 Scenes of eternal pangs, where penal wrath
 With unextinguishable fury burns,
 Some chearful beam of Hope, some gleam of Heaven
 Bursts on the brother of his crimes. He weeps:
 Repentance darts into his convict heart
 A ray of Peace. The rising arm of wrath
 Drops the impending Thunder: mercy smiles
 Benign. E'en tho' the blaze of guilt outglare
 The scarlet's crimson hue, fair mercy sheds
 Her hoard of joy, and whitens every stain.

Come then, Repentance, with thy piercing ken
 The dark recesses of my heart pervade:
 Fill me with real sorrow: nought avails
 The sable sackcloth, or the vain grimace
 Of hypocritic pomp. When ghastly death

Hovers

Hovers around my couch, it nought avails
To break the curtain'd slumber of the night
Counting the figur'd beads, to wear the hour
With repetition's empty Hymn, to grasp
The gilded Crucifix. — Fantastic rites
Of papal ignorance !—All wrapt in grief,
Whilst youth with manhood's vigor nerves my limbs,
The young blood circling in it's channel'd path,
I bend the suppliant knee :—“ Father of Heaven,
“ Father of mercies, snatch from ruin's gulph,
“ Snatch me from sin.”—Temptation spreads her lure
With meretricious art. Wanton desire,
Fierce as the waken'd fury of the deep,
Riots : O for a faithful friendly hand
With pious art to guide the light-wing'd skiff,
And waft it from the tempest's boist'rous rage !

See 'midst the croud, that thronging round the hill
With mad discordant roar of barb'rous joy
Gape on the Cross, a self-convicted wretch
Shivering. Damp horror fills his guilty breast
With pungent throes. On his wide-rolling eye
Distraction frantic fits and black despair.
Accursed lust of gain, that steels the heart
'Gainst pity's soft emotions, breaks the tie
Of dear affection, plunges all the soul

In

In sin and woe ! What for so poor a price,
 Th' Affassin's hireling wages, to betray
 A Saviour and a God ! and with the kiss
 Of friendship too !—Thou specious Man of blood,
 Fly from thyself, thy bitterest deadliest foe.
 Conscience with never-dying worm corrodes
 Thy tortur'd bosom.—'Tis the Lamb of God,
 The blessed Jesus, whom thy treach'rous hand
 Consigns to death : Heard'st thou that sigh of grief
 That shook earth's tottering base ? Saw'st thou those Limbs
 Writhed with pain ? 'Twas he that taught the word
 Of Peace and Love, that stopp'd the horrid rage
 Of dire disease, and from their gloomy cell
 Call'd out the silent dead. Th' expiring sigh
 Again he heaves. Heard'st thou that cutting pang,
 Hicariot ! Go, whilst dumb amazement holds
 The frozen multitude : cavern thy pelf,
 Perfidious traitor. Vengeance, clad in blood,
 Burning with rage, unsheathes her wasteful sword,
 Pursues thy steps, and hunts thee down to death.

Whilst ruin bursts the Temple's inmost veil,
 And 'midst surrounding scenes of horror roam
 The grisly spectres, as at midnight hour ;
 Far from the pomp and pageantry of pride
 Pilate sequester'd sits the venal judge,

Cor-

Corruption's slave, that gloated on the spoils
Of innocence oppressed. What avails
Or trophy'd blaze of power or gloss of wealth
To sooth the fever'd phrenzy of his soul ?
He burns, as with a raging calenture,
Tortur'd by jarring passions.—Why that Look ?
Those broken accents ? Thou dark, dusky Man,
Say can his spotted skin the leopard change ?
In vain thou seek'st the pillow of repose.
The noon-tide sun, velop'd in darkness dim,
His golden glory shrouds : But ah ! what night
With darkness dim shall shroud thee from the eye,
The piercing eye of guilt ? With impious hand
Profane not thus the limpid stream : not all
The ocean's wave can wash off that foul spot
Of murder, Heaven's vindictive justice reigns
Unbrib'd by wealth. E'en now thy anxious mind
Anticipates its fate. Destruction waits
Thy steps : the tyrant of imperial Rome
Drives thee to exile : in the desert Isle
Breathe to the taunting air thy doleful plaints,
Engender'd erst on pride and coward shame,
The monster Suicide his influence dire
Sheds o'er thy melancholy-tinctur'd soul
Baleful. Go dash thee down the rocky steep,
Or plunge into thy breast the thirsty sword

That

That pants for blood.—But lo ! a different scene !
 What tho' th' autumnal sickness stalks around,
 What tho' the rage of noon-day pestilence
 Slays her ten thousands ; yet beneath the shade
 Of Providence the good Man smiles secure
 And undismay'd. As resolution firm
 The lov'd Disciple stands, in manly grief
 Silent.—Illustrious Saint ! endear'd to him
 Who knows the hidden secret thoughts of Man,
 Friendship on thee her choicest treasures pour'd.
 What heavenly transport to mix soul with soul
 In liberal converse ; to imbibe the words
 Of blessed truth, from wisdom's mouth to catch
 Instruction's sweetest lessons !—See thy King,
 Thy Friend from his triumphant infamy
 Looks down with condescension ; deigns to crown
 Thy holy fortitude. With filial care
 His tender pledges guard : When age with snow
 Shall sow thy temples, then shall visions bless
 Thy nights ; nor shall the envied wreath thy brow
 Entwine, ere ruin raze these haughty walls ;
 Ere the proud Roman eagle clap her wing
 Hovering o'er Salem's desolated towers.

What pencil's glowing colours know to paint
 A mother's deep distress ? Fast by the cross

With

With eyes and hands uplifted, wrap'd in woe
All motionless and mute, she views her Son,
Her God beneath the weight of others sins
Bow his afflicted head. Thus Eve, absorbed
In sorrow's trance, her darling offspring ey'd
Welt'ring in blood ; expressive silence spoke
Her pangs of agony : the big-swoln tear
Burst down her cheek : around her beauteous form
The golden tresses flow'd in rude disorder,
Whilst Adam at her side in vain assay'd
Bland consolation. Secret grief o'erwhelms
MARIA's throbbing breast. Now languor wan
Unnerves each sense : tender remembrance soon
Wakes in her soften'd heart the fond, fond scenes,
When sweet domestic peace confirm'd her bliss,
Shelter'd beneath a husband's faithful arm
From humbling infamy. Thrice happy pair !
They gently trod the flowery path of Life :
They ate the bread of temperance, round their board
Contentment laugh'd, blithe as a blooming bride.
Lull'd on her lap the infant God-head oft
Repos'd him weary. Tho' no trumpet's sound,
No host of cherubim his praise attun'd,
Maternal rapture on his lovely name
With fondness dwelt : ponder'd each pleasing sign
Of future splendor.—Oh ! what an awful change !

The

The rude wind tempests the bright dawn of hope.
Mute is the tongue of eloquence that aw'd
A list'ning multitude : languid the lips
That smil'd complacence round, and every grace
Gently diffus'd. Dim in its ghastly orb
The beaming eye of Majesty is sunk.

But tho' with adverse wind the gray storm lours,
Shall fullen discontent awake the voice
Of querulous despair ? Thou second Eve,
O stop the falling tear : the sigh restrain.
And ye, selected flock, that scatter'd late
Fled from your Shepherd, from despondence raise
Your drooping hearts : resume the smile of joy.
Burst are the gates of Death : blunted the sting
Of Sin : Messiah mounts th' exalted car
Of triumph. As Elijah rapt of old
To Heaven, victorious o'er the murky grave,
He rises to the realms of endless day.

Thus when the infant Moon her circling sphere
Wheels o'er the Sun's broad disk ; her shadow falls
On Earth's fair bosom : darkness chills the fields,
And dreary night invests the face of Heaven.
Reflected from the lake full many a star
Glimmers with feeble languor. India's sons

Affrighted

Affrighted in wild tumult rend the air.
 Before his idol god with 'barb'rous shriek
 The Brachman falls : when soon the eye of day
 Darts his all-cheering radiance, from the gloom
 Emerging. Joy invades the wondering croud,
 And acclamation rushes from the tongue
 Of thousands that around their blazing pile
 Riot in antic dance and dissonant song.

Far from this earthly ball th' advent'rous Muse
 Uplifted, dares to soar her æry way
 To where in immortality enthron'd
 The great Redeemer sits at God's right hand.
 No fond illusion cheats me ; from this shell
 Of clay, the soul to brighter climes aspires,
 Nor seeks imagination's waxen wings
 To speed her course. Almighty, infinite
 The filial Godhead reigns : old Ocean flies
 Affrighted at his awful nod, whilst Heaven
 Bows trembling. Mercy's gentle attribute
 Tempers his justice : he protects the poor
 In needful hour of dearth, and from the dust
 Raises the weeping penitent : his wrath
 The blood of goats averts not, or the fat
 Of costly hecatombs, or altar wreath'd
 With clouds of incense, tho' in Phrygian mood

The

The laurel-nurtur'd priests their Pythic hymn
 Attempter to the virgin choir, that chant
 Their Doric harmony. Nor deigns he not
 With pity's eye the contrite heart to view
 And troubled spirit : purest sacrifice
 By him accepted. O emblazon wide
 His Name, ye creatures that in Heaven, in Earth
 Or in the wide sea breathe.

“ Dread Judge of all !

“ Anointed King ! Saviour of fallen Man !

“ All praise to Thee be given ! ere time began

“ Thou art, in thy unfathom'd essence vail'd

“ Immanse. But still Perfection deign'd to bear

“ Th' infirmities of Man : th' Eternal dyed,

“ Th' Almighty suffer'd woe. All Heaven beheld,

“ And hymn'd in admiration's loudest notes

“ Thee crucify'd. Can aught of mortal song

“ Equal thy glory whilst on Earth ? What tongue

“ The congregated wonders of thy life

“ Can speak ? To Thee shall Wisdom yield her palm

“ Of fame : in vain she boasts the letter'd art,

“ And all the mazy folly of the schools,

“ Socratic knowledge, or the Stag'rite's pomp

“ Of idle speculation. King of kings,

“ O let thy bright example rouse the soul

“ To meek humility ! great Intercessor,

“

“ Pour

“ Pour on thy meanest suppliant the boon
“ Of pardon and remission. Wean his mind
“ From earth-bred care. When the grim hand of Death
“ Shall snatch me weary to the darksome grave,
“ When the last trumpet’s sound shall shake this globe,
“ And desolation urn yon disorb’d worlds,
“ Oh smile forgiveness. At that awful hour
“ Propitious chase away the fears that fright
“ The fluttering soul, nor let thy blood in vain
“ Drop from the cross ! the while may reason guide
“ My every wish ! may true religion strew
“ Life’s varied path ! ’Tis her’s to wipe the tear
“ From sorrow’s eye, to light the lamp of Hope,
“ From Revelation’s copious fount to pour
“ The streams of Comfort, Peace, and holy Love.”

R

THE

THE
GIFT OF TONGUES.

BY
CHARLES JENNER, M. A.

M DCC LXVII.

R 2

THE

THE
GIFT OF TONGUES.

GOD's wond'rous pow'r, on That great day reveal'd
 When from on high the Sacred Influence fell
 Knowledge and light surpassing human lore
 Diffusing in its course, vent'rous I sing.
 O for one transient gleam from that pure fount
 Of light celestial, whose all-pow'rful rays
 Instant dispell'd the mists of Ignorance,
 Inform'd the mind, and urg'd the willing tongue !
 O for one spark of that transcendant Fire,
 Which shed its rapid influence through the Soul,
 Kindling at once in the astonish'd mind
 The sacred flame of heav'n-directed Zeal,
 In strains pour'd forth of Wisdom heaven-taught,
 Which in conception, to perfection sprang,
 Mocking the tedious steps of human Wit !
 Too vain that wish.—But thou O Spirit pure
 Who deign'st to guide the wayward heart of man,

R 3

When

When conscious weakness claims thy aid benign,
Thou from whose eyes the palpable obscure
Nought hides, who mark'st my inmost Soul,
And check'st with care paternal ev'ry ill,
Suggesting kindly pure and holy thoughts,
Frame thou my mind ; Dispose my humble heart
To feel thy goodness and adore thy might ;
Grant me, with faith to read thy wond'rous works,
To hear with joy, to tell with gratitude ;
Grant me, at humble distance, to revere
Those acts of pow'r, I know not how to scan ;
Grant me, with scorn to view the Sceptic's pride
Who dares to tread the dark, meand'ring maze,
And strive with mortal ken, (how short ! how dim !)
To trace the steps of dread Omnipotence ;
Grant me, with humble yet exulting mind,
In all thy wond'rous works to mark the end,
Nor rashly strive to comprehend the means ;
To view, with rev'rent awe, the mighty Cause,
And feel with gratitude the blest Effect ;
Grant me, in this meek, sober frame of mind,
To view thy goodness, and to sing thy praise ;
So shall my lays, though rude, attention claim,
Nor useless sink in cold oblivion's wave ;
Warm from the heart they bear intrinsic worth,
And conscience shall bear witness to their truth.

'Twas

'Twas on that day, that memorable day
 When erst the Prophet of the favour'd seed
 From Israel sprung, high-honour'd Moses held
 With trembling awe, converse with God himself;
 'Twas on that day, when round the sacred mount
 The rapid lightnings shot their livid glance,
 Flashing a larger and a larger curve,
 Whilst the dread Thunder, muttering from afar,
 With sullen murmur deep'ning in its course,
 Burst rattling all around in discord wild,
 When, 'midst the horror of the awful scene,
 The holy Prophet learn'd those high behests
 By which to lead his sacred flock, and shew
 Types of a purer plan in days to come;
 On that same day, the still more sacred flock
 Of Christ, who only mourn'd his recent loss,
 Stol'n from the clamours of the impious croud
 In thought pursu'd his steps to Heav'n, and cheer'd
 Each other's griefs with thoughts of bliss to come.

Not hopeless lid they grieve; for o'er the Soul
 His last bequest had shed a gleam of Joy;
 "A comforter to come" restrain'd their tears,
 A steadfast faith suppress'd the rising sigh,
 And Expectation rais'd their downcast Eyes.
 Nor vain their hope; for now with sudden burst

R 4

A rushing

A rushing Noise through all the sacred Band
Silence profound and fix'd attention claim'd,
A chilling terror crept through ev'ry heart,
Mute was each tongue, and pale was ev'ry face :
The rough roar eas'd ; when, borne on fiery wings,
The dazzling Emanation from above
In brightest vision round each sacred head
Diffus'd its vivid beams ; mysterious light !
That rush'd impetuous through th' awaking mind,
Whilst new Ideas fill'd the passive Soul,
Fast crowding in with sweetest violence.
'Twas then amaz'd they caught the glorious flame,
Spontaneous flow'd their all-persuasive words,
Warm from the heart, and to the heart address'd
Deep sunk their force in ev'ry captiv'd ear.

O see the crowd, pressing with eager steps
To catch the flowing periods as they fall ;
See how, with wond'ring rapture, they devour
The pleasing accents of their native tongue ;
See how, with eyes uplifted, they advance,
With out-stretch'd hands and smiles of social love
To greet the partners of their native Soil ;
O catch the varying transports in their looks,
In awful wonder see each passion lost,
When ev'ry Nation urg'd an equal claim.

Fond

Fond men, forbear ; and know, the voice of Truth
 By weak restraints of Language unconfin'd
 Flows, independent, from that radiant shrine
 From whence the day-spring draws her glitt'ring store
 To shine on all with undistinguish'd ray,
 And scatter dazzling light on ev'ry clime.

Immortal Truth ! by Inspiration taught,
 Thou spurn'st the servile chains of human art ;
 In native majesty array'd, thou shed'st
 Thy radiant beams through all this vale below ;
 Thy piercing voice resounds through distant climes,
 By all distinguish'd, and by all ador'd.
 Thou sat'st enthron'd above yon azure vault,
 And mock'st the tedious toil of human wit,
 What time at Babel's hapless tow'r they strove
 To rescue meaning from the load of sounds,
 And give precision to the voice confus'd,
 Restoring Heav'n's most pleasing gift to Man.

Thee neither wind nor wave can circumscribe,
 Wide o'er where Ocean spreads his ample bed
 Thou flie'st at large, to visit ev'ry shore,
 And pour thy sacred voice in ev'ry heart
 In language universal. What avail
 To thy all-piercing eye, and tongue heav'n-taught,

The

The nice distinctions of the critic art,
The foolish pride of letter'd pedantry,
Rising, by slow degrees and labour'd care,
From the first lisp, which on the infant tongue
Hangs with uncertain cadence, to the height
Of Learning's utmost pow'r ? With scorn thou view'st
The erring paths of Science, falsely call'd ;
Tracing her slow steps from her Eastern home
Whence first, in clouded majesty, she beam'd
A transient glance, and tempted the pursuit,
Thou mark'st her progress from the rapid Nile,
Where Thebes receiv'd her at her hundred gates,
And seest her roll her ever-wand'ring way
To milder climes, when Greece with open arms
Receiv'd her credulous ; Old Orpheus then
And Linus sung their fabled lays, and spread
A lengthen'd train of philosophic lies.
Mocking thou view'st the pride of human wit,
Whilst Athens self, fair Science, fav'rite seat,
And Rome Imperial, vers'd in ev'ry lore,
Successless toil to bring thee forth to view.
Thou seest unnumber'd Systems rise and fall,
And ev'ry learned age bring new deceits ;
Whilst tow'ring Pride still lifts her ready hand
To crush the fond delusion of the day,
And instant rear a stronger in it's place.

But

But O ! this blindness may not ever be,
And vague Opinion, with usurping hand,
Bright Wisdom's sceptre may not ever wield ;
Thou speak'st Immortal Truth ! beneath each pole
The trembling Earth acknowledges thy voice ;
Pride catches quick the mortifying sound,
Far, far aloof flies ev'ry golden dream,
And all is blindfold Error and distress.
O ! 'twas That potent voice, whose magic pow'r
Burst through the organs of the sacred Band,
What time O Salem midst thy hallow'd walls
The mingled crowd from many a distant realm
In fix'd attention hung upon their words,
Which, with conviction fraught, flow'd unrestrain'd,
Though, skill'd alone in Virtue's sacred lore,
They never had employ'd life's precious hours
In learning's paths ; without proud Science wife.

By weakest ministers th' Almighty thus
Makes known his sacred will, and shews his pow'r :
By Him inspir'd they speak with urgent tongue
Authoritative, whilst th' illumin'd breast
Heaves with unwonted strength ; High as their theme
Their great conceptions rise in rapt'rous flow,
As quick the ready organs catch the thought,
And, in such strains as Science could not teach,
Bear

Bear it, in all it's radiance, to the Heart ;
The list'ning throng there feel it's blest'd effect,
And deep conviction glows in ev'ry breast.

See ev'ry crime which stains the human mind
At their strong bidding take it's rapid flight :
Delusion's dreams no more infect the Soul,
High-boasting Pride, fierce Wrath, impetuous Lust,
And Avarice swelling with hydropic thirst,
Fade, like unwholesome dews before the Sun :
They fade to rise no more ; for see a band
Of radiant Virtues seize their late abode,
And stamp the mansion with the seal of Truth.
There heav'nly Knowledge shines in glitt'ring pride,
And Patience sits, with meek submissive smile
Disarming stern Oppression ; Justice there
Erects her rigid test of right and wrong ;
And there, with God's own armour all-begirt,
Stands Fortitude, erect in Christian strength ;
There Temp'rance stands, with ever-watchful Eye,
To curb the Passions with a steady rein ;
And Candour there her golden rule displays
To act by others as thy heart must wish
They, in like circumstance, should act by thee ;
But chiefly there, in ever-fixed seat,
Sits heav'n-born Charity ; her eagle Eye

Thrown

Thrown o'er the wide expanse of Nature's works,
 Where, nobly scorning ev'ry meaner tie,
 She deems all human ills her own, and sighs
 If aught of mis'ry dwell beneath the Sun.
 With such bright guests the Christian mind is stor'd,
 Pledges of true Knowledge, Joy, and Peace:
 These to make known became the sacred task
 By Heav'n impos'd upon the chosen band;
 Thrice happy they to such high office call'd,
 The blessed ministers of God's high will!
 For them the fulness of his might is shewn,
 O'erleaping the strong bounds of Nature's law;
 Grim Death for them contracts his hasty stride,
 And checks his Dart ev'n in the act to strike;
 His horrid messengers Disease and Pain
 Loose their remorseless grasp unwillingly,
 And leave their prey to ease and thankfulness;
 For them bright Wisdom opens all her stores,
 Her golden treasures spreading to their view,
 Whilst Inspiration's all-enliv'ning light
 Hangs hov'ring o'er their heads in glitt'ring blaze;
 Warm'd by the ray they pour the sacred strain
 In Eloquence seraphic; Truths divine,
 For ever register'd in Heav'n's high page,
 Flow from their lips, and glow within their breasts;
 Amaz'd they feel the sacred extacy,

With

With heav'nly rapture, thrill in ev'ry nerve ;
 Whilst in their flowing words, with Wisdom fraught
 Celestial, shines the heav'nly Spirit pure.
 This is no fancy'd pow'r, no idle dream,
 No flat'ring scheme by heated Fancy form'd,
 The genuine Influence fills each raptur'd Soul,
 And beams in ev'ry eye conspicuous.

Far other flame the vain Enthusiast feels
 When, Reason by delusive Fancy led
 In sad captivity, the Thoughts confus'd
 Rush on his mind in dark and doubtful sense,
 His mind a chaos of blind zeal, that spurns
 Th' unerring clue which mild Discretion lends,
 Perchance the clashing images strike out
 Some languid ray of casual light ; how soon
 The weak and momentary glance is lost
 Beneath a load of wild obscurity.
 Much does he labour with some weighty thought,
 Of Faith, of Grace, of Heav'n, perchance of Hell,
 But all in vain he draws the thread confus'd
 To tedious length, the end eludes his search,
 And leaves him wrapt in wild perplexity
 Recoiling still on the same beaten track.
 Thus wayward Fancy with her vagrant blaze
 Misleads the eye of Ignorance ; mean while

In

In vain the steady lamp of Reason burns,
The sure and sober guide to Truth's retreat,
But ah ! consider well ye self-inspir'd,
Ere Fancy, drooping on the bed of Death,
Leaves ye forlorn to seek for Reason's aid,
Consider well, are these the genuine marks
Of heav'nly Inspiration ? Was it thus
In wild extatic rants and dubious phrase,
In doctrines intricate and terms perplex'd
The simple messengers of Jesus spake ?
O search and see, were not their doctrines pure,
And in such plain and modest phrase express'd
As best befits Instruction's wholesome plan ?
Mighty to save, they fought no other pow'r,
No meed, but that which conscious Virtue feels
When she conducts some hapless wand'rer back
To paths, without her aid, for ever lost.
If such your heav'nly aim, your lives unblam'd
Will give, like theirs, an earnest of your truth ;
If, daily train'd to ev'ry virtuous act,
You tread the steps the blessed Jesus trod
Through the streight path, the way of holiness,
Then may ye lead your flocks to his abode ;
But O beware ! think not the heav'nly guest
Can fix his residence with aught impure ;
Think not the heart which Pride or Int'rest guides

Can

Can ever be the seat of heav'nly grace ;
If yet the holy Spirit deigns to dwell
In earthly domes, 'tis not in those defil'd
With Pride, with Fraud, with Rapine, or with Lust ;
Midst the rough foliage of the thorny brake
The clust'ring Grape not blushes, and the Fig
Decks not the prickly Thistle's barren stalk,
Ev'n thus shall all be measur'd by their fruits ;
So spake the living Oracle of truth :
O never, never lose this sacred guide,
By ev'ry blast of doctrine borne away,
But gazing ever on the Gospel light,
That endless source of evidence and truth,
Prove ev'ry doctrine by that golden rule,
And "try the Spirits if they be of God."

THE

THE
D E S T R U C T I O N
O F
N I N I V E H.

BY
CHARLES JENNER, M. A.

M D C C L X V I I I .

S

THE

THE
 D E S T R U C T I O N
 O F
 N I N I V E H.

GOD's mercy long abus'd, and heav'nly wrath
 Succeeding slow with firm and dreadful step
 And arm uplifted high, be now my Theme.
 Horror ! be thou my Muse,—And list ye proud,
 Ye rich, ye vain, for 'tis to you I sing,
 Lift from your downy beds of Tyrian dye
 Where sunk in careless ease and worthless sloth,
 In dreams of pleasures past or joys to come
 Batt'ning ye lie ; Lift from your marble Halls
 Whence, drowning ev'ry wise and serious thought,
 The wanton voice of Luxury resounds,
 Whilst Mirth, unchecked by fair Discretion's law,
 Pours from the golden goblet's ample round
 The luscious poison of misused wine,

S 2

And

And hid beneath the garb of Happiness
 Steals to your easy hearts with pleasing guile,
 With sweet, but certain death. O turn awhile
 The eye too long on Pleasure's smiles intent,
 On your own breasts turn once it's wand'ring sight:
 See ye God's image there? O rather say,
 See ye not there, what erst the Poets feign'd
 The dire effect of Circe's mad'ning draught,
 God's holy image all defac'd, and chang'd
 To the loath'd form of filthy goats or swine,
 The vital spark from Heav'n extinct, and sunk
 By base contagion to the abject state
 Of that blind instinct which informs the brute;
 Whilst ye, so perfect in your misery,
 Feel not the mortifying change, but boast
 Your manly sense and reason unimpair'd.

True, ye are rich and great: The orient sun
 Which gilds your stately turrets with his rays
 Sees not a clime but whence your riches speed;
 No wind that blows but o'er the oozy flood
 Wafts your rich barks from some far distant shore:
 True, ye have rule o'er all the sea-girt Isles
 Which people the vast bosom of the deep,
 Whilst at your nod their tributary Lords
 Wield but your sceptres and dispense your laws:

In

In strength well tried that mocks the pow'r of war
 Aloft in threat'ning pride your city stands,
 Scoffing the boasted works of Memphian Kings
 When Egypt with the proud Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury ; Far off 'tis known
 By many a tow'ring structure high, which lifts
 It's proud head to the sky, glitt'ring with gold ;
 Within Ease, Pomp, and Luxury contend
 Throughout each spacious street for mastery,
 Whilst midnight revels and gay noontide feasts
 Speak joy and mirth and full security.
 Are ye so safe ? Such once was Niniveh !
 As yours her pow'r and wealth, as yours her crimes :
 Where lies she now ? Go send your wisemen forth,
 And let them search where rapid Tigris rolls
 If there her place be found ; or let them try
 If chance the banks by fair Euphrates wash'd *
 Boast not the poor remains of so much pride ;
 They falter long nor fix the truth at length.
 She who in thralldom led God's chosen flock
 And wav'd her banners o'er the subject East,
 She who for ages fix'd her stately height
 In such proud fort as brav'd the frowns of Fate,

* Though most authors are of opinion that Niniveh was situated on the river Tigris, yet no less persons than Ctesias and Diodorus Siculus represent it as situated on the Euphrates. Vide note †, p. 271.

Shone but a meteor for a moment's gaze
To fall at once nor leave one spark behind,
Not one faint glimpse to say 'twas here, 'twas there.
Hear then her doom, and tremble for your own.

Now had th' Almighty Judge of Heav'n and Earth,
Within whose hand the proud Assyria serv'd
But as a scourge to punish Israel's sin,
With indignation view'd the Victor's pride,
Who flush'd with conquest and debauch'd by wealth
Spurn'd at high Heav'n, and midst their gorgeous feasts
Gave honour to themselves, nor thought on God,
Save to blaspheme his name, who impious trod
Beneath irrev'rent feet his high behests
Indulging ev'ry sense; th' impetuous youth
Following with eager steps and dauntless front
Wherever passion or lewd rapine call'd,
Whilst aged Sires, on tottering crutches prop'd,
Look'd smiling on, and with a guilty sigh
Envied their sons the joys they could not share.

He saw, and turn'd him loth to his revenge;
Nor struck at once, but with a parent's care
Whose arms are ever open to receive
The humbled prodigal who turns, though late,
To seek his face, sent forth his holy word

Of

Of his most just though most severe intent
 Warning to give. The word to Jonah came ;
 Who all unus'd to bear such high commands
 Save to God's own elect, * with doubtful mind
 Paus'd wond'ring. Ill, full ill such pause became
 Him who ere then had heard that mighty voice,
 Who knew that sound to those who disobey
 Terrific as the thunder's crash, but mild
 As the soft wind which fann'd Eve's roseate bow'r
 Ere Sin had footing there, to those who hear
 And fly with duteous heart to execute.
 Why did he pause ? Ah why ! unless to shew
 To after times that he whose fault'ring mind
 But one short moment wavers in suspense
 When Duty calls, gives the Arch-tempter time
 To gain firm footing in his Soul, and urge
 Some well-devised plea to stop his course.
 Why did he hesitate, why inly shew
 Reluctance against God, or by a thought
 Distrust his firmness, or suspect his truth !
 Swift to betray and ever on the watch,
 The subtle Tempter that short moment seiz'd

* *Jonas ne fut pas seulement appelé comme les autres Prophetes, à reprendre les dix tribus de leur Idolatries, Dieu lui donna aussi la commission d'aller denoncer aux Ninivites la ruine de leur Ville et leur perte totale. L'Histoire de la Bible par Martin, pag. 254.*

To raise a mist before the Prophet's sight,
Which shew'd it possible to flee from God.

O where was that all-sacred spirit flown
Which erst had glow'd within his fervent breast,
That fire prophetic, fitted and impell'd
To noblest purposes by God's own hand,
Which unappall'd by guilt, uncheck'd by fear,
Should scatter terror through an impious world,
And tell the dreadful tale of wrath to come!
'Twas gone, and in it's place wild frantic fear
And base distrust and impious doubt sprang up
Sinking the Prophet in the Man. He flies,
O miserable change! the victim now
No longer the dread harbinger alone
Of heav'nly wrath: he flies, nor turns to think
'Till scenes of horror strike his conscious heart,
And quick destruction thunders to his soul.
Wide o'er the raging billows of the deep
Wild Horror stalks with aspect terrible,
Whilst plunging deep full many a fathom down
He learns by sad experience to declare
How heavy 'tis to feel the wrath of Heav'n,
And bear the vengeance of an angry God.
Nor yet untried he tells the happier tale
Of mercy, when with pitying hand outstretch'd

To

To rescue from the very grasp of Death,
 That Pow'r supreme by whom the storm is rais'd,
 Provides unhop'd-for safety in the deep.
 In vain the lightnings shoot their ghastly gleam,
 Wild thunders roar; and Ocean groaning deep
 Lifts it's o'erwhelming billows to the sky,
 Unhurt he issues from his living tomb,
 His glad eye op'ning on the light of heav'n,
 And wrapt in wonder, joy and gratitude,
 With eager step pursues his destin'd way,
 Type of that plan supreme not yet fulfill'd *,
 Which reconcil'd the vengeance due to guilt
 With "that dear might" which loos'd the bands of Death.

'Twas morn, and o'er the glitt'ring tow'rs the Sun
 Shed wide his kindling beams; illum'd with gold
 Aloft the spiry turrets shone, and wav'd
 Their silken banners streaming in the wind
 With gay display; bedeck'd with martial spoils,
 From hapless Israel won, rich trophies rose,
 And frequent grac'd the walls. With conscious pride
 His wide domain the victor Monarch view'd,
 Whilst, sitting high amid a gaudy herd
 Of Sycophants, he gave a loose to joy,

* There shall no sign be given it but the sign of the prophet Jonas,
 S. Matt. xvi. 4.

Rais'd

Rais'd a whole nation's voice in festive songs,
 And taught his ready slaves, too prone to learn,
 That luxury alone is happiness.

Slow and unnotic'd through the spacious streets
 The holy prophet walk'd and mark'd their pride.
 He mark'd their pow'r, he mark'd their wealth, and now
 A heaving sigh he stole, whilst all around
 The growing multitudes he view'd, who throng'd
 Thick as the insect race which quiv'ring float
 With hum incessant on the evening breeze:
 Sorrowing he mark'd the jocund air which shone
 In ev'ry face and brighten'd ev'ry eye,
 Whilst all was joy and mirth and careless ease;
 Sad contrast to the prospect in his soul!
 He sigh'd, and one mild look of pity cast,
 "Just Heav'n—but forty days!—thy will be done!"
 Then op'ning slow the book of Fate, he turn'd
 And "O" he cried "Vain, heedless race attend,
 "Ye who with giant pride a course full long
 "Of old, unfeeling vice have run, and ye
 "Whom Luxury with soft seducing smile
 "Allures, and binds in filken chains, attend;
 "Leave, leave, for ever leave your gay delights,
 "Your wonted triumphs and your ceaseless mirth,
 "For O sad change! a long long train of woes,

"Like

“ Like a swart storm which gathers in the wind,
“ Hangs hov’ring o’er your destin’d heads, and waits
“ But the scant hour appointed ere it bursts
“ And crumbles you to dust. Unhappy state !
“ Quick quick the moment comes when all thy strength
“ Which triumph’d far and wide with greedy pow’r
“ Shall sink to less than woman’s weakness, fall’n
“ Beneath the hopeless abject state of those
“ Who felt the keen edge of thy Tyranny.
“ I see thy strong tow’rs nod, thy bulwarks rock,
“ Thy stately fabricks from their center heave,
“ Whilst Desolation like a whirlwind flies
“ In one sad ruin overwhelming all.
“ Go seek your King amidst his pageant state,
“ Nor tremble at his look, but bid him fear ;
“ And boldly tell him one unwelcome truth,
“ That now, ev’n now the hand of Heav’n is rear’d,
“ Or ere the fortieth Sun shall rise and set,
“ To blast the blooming laurels on his brow,
“ And hurl him from his car of triumph down,
“ No more to rise, but with his meanest slaves
“ To lie confounded in one gen’ral doom.”

All pow’rful is the voice of Truth : Aghast
The trembling people stand, nor doubt his words,
Whilst coward Conscience whispers to their soul

How

How less than nothing is the aid which wealth
Or pow'r can lend against the wrath of Heav'n.
By sense of danger rous'd, they bow the knees
And prostrate turn to God, remember'd scarce
Nor ever fought in moments happier deem'd :
Themselves sufficient to themselves, they scorn'd
To court his smile, but dar'd not brave his frown.
Fear taught them first to kneel and first to pray,
Whilst memory officious to their view
Held the black register of their misdeeds.
Despair first taught their harden'd hearts to melt,
And turn'd the flint-stone to a springing-well,
Whence flow'd in copious streams those contrite tears
Which fail not in the eye of Heav'n to purge
The soul from guilt, and wash out ev'ry stain.

Nor vain their pray'rs, their tears ; for Heav'n who
form'd
Knows well the frailty of the sons of earth,
Nor seeks perfection there, but kindly deigns
To raise the humbled sinner from the dust,
And give to penitence the promis'd meed
Of virtue undefil'd. A nation's tears
Absolv'd a nation's guilt ; and gracious Heav'n
With mild relenting eye and arm restrain'd
Receiv'd their proffer'd vows.—But ah ! how vain,

How

How weak is Man ! how frail his best resolves !
 But frailest those which owe their hasty birth
 To fear ; how short, how transient is their life.
 Hardly obtain'd, they shine but like the sparks
 Struck from the flint, which scarce outlive the blow.
 Ev'n thus, or ere the fortieth Sun had set,
 The dreaded sentence seem'd an idle dream,
 And the full tide of Sin, awhile restrain'd,
 Rush'd madly forward with redoubled force,
 Precluding ev'ry hope of future grace.
 That Heav'n should find it easier to forgive
 Than wayward man alas to be forgiv'n !
 But O unhappy state ! O desp'rate race !
 A sterner prophet, ISRAEL'S COMFORTER *,
 Hath dipp'd his pen in blood to write thy doom.
 Too deep the reeking sword shall strike, too near
 To trifle with its edge ; again 'tis drawn,
 And never never shall be sheath'd, 'till wide
 It spreads destruction o'er thy plains, nor leaves
 A hand to bury or an eye to weep.

* Naum qui interpretatur Consolator. Jam enim decem tribus ab
 Assyriis deductæ fuerant in captivitatem sub Ezechia Rege Juda, sub
 quo etiam nunc in consolationem populi transmigrati, adversum Nini-
 ven visio cernitur. Hieron. in Naum.

Hark

Hark where the conqu'ring Mede with furious voice
 Calls loud for help ; Stern Babylon replies * ;
 Together roll their rattling chariots on,
 Their blended Armies gather as they run,
 And brandishing their eager faulchions high
 Impetuous rush like Lions on their prey.
 They come, they come, lo where thy weak hosts fly,
 Nor fly in safety ; see they sink, they fall,
 Fall like ripe fruit, or yellow autumn leaves,
 And strew the victor's path. Lost in amaze
 Thy hardy vet'rans stand to see such feats
 As turn their bloodiest wars to childish frays ;
 And ever and anon with anguish pierc'd
 " Stand, stand," they faintly cry, but none regards †,
 " Turn, dastard slaves," but no one will look back.
 Frantic with fear they lose the pow'r to raise
 One warding shield to break the Victor's stroke :
 Th' ensanguin'd field alone with carnage strew'd
 Awhile impedes their eager way : But now,
 Through scenes of Horror bursting, at thy walls

* This point, I think, is generally agreed upon, That Niniveh was taken and destroyed by the Medes and Babylonians ; these two rebelling and uniting together, subverted the Assyrian empire. Bp. Newton on the Prophecies, vol. III. pag. 261.

† Nahum ii. 8.

A thou-

A thousand banners wave, and purple spears
 Unnumber'd press; vainly thy ports are barr'd,
 Thy strong tow'rs man'd with many a hardy chief,
 Vain thy strong holds, vain all thy ancient might,
 For lo the rapid flood impetuous swells *,
 And Defolation borne upon its waves
 In dreadful pomp, invades thy tott'ring wall,
 And rides in horrid triumph through the breach.
 Remembrance now calls forth the flatt'ring tale
 Prophetic, which thy sage Forefathers told †,
 Your wise men fighting shake their hoary heads,
 Foreboding now th' unlook'd-for time is come
 When the proud stream shall lift her rebel waves
 Against those sacred walls which grace her shore.

And now thy bulwarks nod, they bow, they fall,
 Low, low on earth thy prostrate glory lies.

* Nahum i. 8.

† This alludes to the following passage in Diodorus Siculus. *Ἡ δ' αὖτις λoγιστορ, &c.* Atqui vaticinium a majoribus traditum habebat, a nullo capi Ninum posse nisi fluvius urbi prius hostis evaderet. Terto demum anno accidit, ut *Euphrates* continuis imbrium gravissimorum tempestatibus excrescens, urbis partem inundaret et murum ad stadia viginti dejiceret. Tum vero finem habere oraculum, amnemque manifeste urbi hostem esse Rex judicans, spem salutis abjecit. Diodorus Siculus, lib. 2.

Now

Now rooted from their base the sculptur'd dome,
 The stately column and the storied arch,
 In awful ruin lie : Whilst ruthless War,
 The keen Scythe snatching from the hand of Time
 With speedier rage to deal destruction round,
 Levels the work of ages at a blow ;
 Nor one proud track of ancient glory leaves,
 Save what the rolls of mem'ry may supply
 Uncertain, or the eye inquisitive
 Trace from the mould'ring heaps of scatter'd pride,
 As through thy grass-grown streets with fearful tread
 The trav'ler strays, casting a wary look,
 Left basking in the sculptur'd cornice lurk
 The slimy adder or the mottled snake,
 And starting hears the horrid night-bird's scream
 From off the gilded chapiter resound
 With lonely eccho through the moss-grown walls.

Thus blasted in its very noon of pride
 Falls the weak State whose tott'ring base is laid
 Unstable in the sand of human pow'r.
 And mark her fall, ye gen'rous band, who claim
 The honour'd name of Patriot, mark it well,
 And let it grave this lesson on your heart,
 " They raise a Nation's strength alone, who raise
 " A Nation's virtue ;" think how weak, how vain

Proves

Proves ev'ry State which boasts not her support,
Like the mysterious Gourd, beneath whose shade
The Prophet sat, it blossoms for a day ;
But deep within its canker'd root conceal'd
The worm of Sin with ever rankling tooth
Preys on its vital part : unmark'd, unseen
The inbred venom works, 'till drooping fast,
Its blushing honours sinking to the dust,
It fades forgot, nor leaves to after times
The precious odour of a good report.



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THE

THE
DEDICATION
OF THE
TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

BY
WILLIAM HODSON, M. A.

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THE

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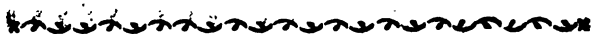
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THE
D E D I C A T I O N
OF THE
T E M P L E O F S O L O M O N.

THE pious act of Israel's peaceful King,
 Whose praise re-eccho'd by the trump of Fame
 Beyond the confines of remotest lands,
 From Shebā, and from Araby the blest,
 From Afric's deserts, and the Eastern shores
 Where rapid Indus rolls his golden waves,
 To Solymā altar'd unnumber'd crowds,
 To hear the wisdom falling from his tongue,
 And catch the honey'd accents of his mouth,
 I sing.—From that resplendent throne, where rob'd
 In majesty ineffable thou sitt'st,
 Descend, celestial Muse! Urania! Thee
 I call; descend, and breathe into my verse
 Thy solemn sounds, thy soul-commanding pow'r,
 Until it pour its thund'ring tide along,
 In numbers equal to its swelling theme.—

Fell Discord now, her robes besmear'd with blood,
 Her breath more fatal than the deadly plague,
 Whose humid wings, furcharg'd with foul disease,
 Destroy the blushes of the rosy spring,
 And blast fair Nature's pride ; no more laid waste
 The verdant beauty of Judea's plains.
 No more the trumpet's shrill-ton'd clangor pierc'd
 The wide-extended vault of Heav'n, and call'd
 The warrior forth, where louder than the burst,
 When mingled thunders shake the lab'ring pole,
 The din of battle roar'd. The matron now
 And hoary sire, no more, their cheeks bedew'd
 With tears, their hands uplifted to the throne
 Of Heav'n, besought their fathers God to close
 Their aged eyes, and give their sorrows rest.
 For War's destroying sword had ceas'd to spread
 Its horrors thro' the land, and meek-ey'd Peace,
 With Plenty in her train, from her full lap
 Shower'd down rich blessings on the famish'd earth,
 'Till hill and valley smil'd, and every scene
 Was chang'd from woe, to extasy and joy. —

Thrice happy nation ! favorites of Heaven !
 Selected from the kingdoms of the earth
 To be his chosen race, ordain'd to spread
 His glory thro' remotest realms, and teach

The

The gentile world Jehovah's awful name,
 Oh had ye known the blessings ye enjoy'd!
 Ye could not have indulg'd that impious rage,
 Which scrupled not to leave your God, and bow
 The knee to Moloch, horrid king! which dar'd
 Defile his holy place, with impious carnage,
 And fear'd not to insult his Majesty,
 Whose awful word could crumble into dust
 Your idol gods, and you. At whose command
 Th' affrighted waves retir'd, and stood on heaps
 As tho' an adamantine mound had ropt
 Their rapid course, and to the sun,—(a fight,
 Whate'er the bards of old fabling relate,
 Unknow'n before;)—the chambers of the deep
 Disclos'd. But when his chosen race had pass'd,
 At his dread call with mighty noise they rush'd,
 More furious than the rolling blast of night,
 Which instant from its knotted center tears
 The mountain oak, whose tow'ring head, unmov'd
 For ages brav'd the winds of heaven; or than
 The horrid burst which shakes the cavern'd earth,
 When Ætna vomits forth her livid fires;
 And 'mid the swelling torrent overwhelm'd
 The haughty tyrant, and his wretched crew,
 Who durst presume to tread that path, which God
 Had made for Israel alone. Oh more

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Than mortal blindness! to reject his kind
 Paternal care, whose bounteous hand, amid
 The barren wilderness for forty years,
 Had fed your fathers with the bread of heaven :
 Who made you ride upon the vanquish'd necks
 Of mighty kings, and rais'd you up a prince
 To bless Judea's happy land ; a prince
 With ev'ry gift adorn'd, and fram'd alike
 To dare the horrors of the tented field
 While battle roll'd against his side, or grace
 The gentle arts of peace. — But who, great King!
 Can worthily express thy praise? Thy lyre,
 Thy living lyre alone, whose dulcet sounds
 In gentlest murmurs floating on the air,
 Could calm the fury of the woe-struck king,
 And sooth the agony which pierc'd his heart ;
 Or when thou swept'st the master strings and roll'dst
 The deep impetuous tide along, with more
 Than mortal sound, could'st raise his raptur'd soul
 To extasy ; or from the tortur'd strings
 Harsh discord shaking, sink him in the gulph
 Of dire despair, while horror chill'd his blood,
 And from each pore the agonizing sweat
 Distill'd ; that deep-ton'd lyre alone, can sing
 Thy fervent piety, thy glowing zeal,
 Whose righteous soul, aggriev'd to see the ark,

That

That holy sanctuary which contain'd
 The sacred transcript of the will of God,
 From place, to place, by hands prophane conducted,
 And oft, oh sacrilege ! become the prey
 Of impious Philistines, resolv'd to build
 An holy temple to the God of Hosts,
 An habitation to contain this pledge
 Of heav'nly love, those laws, which from Mount Sinai
 Jehovah cloath'd with terrors, while thick clouds,
 And darkness wrapt him round, pronounc'd in sounds
 Which chill'd the hearts of those who heard, and froze
 Their vital blood. Beneath whose awful feet
 Earth trembled, and the lofty mountain shook,
 Hoarse thunder growl'd, and livid lightnings flash'd,
 While sounds of horror and distress, amid
 The howling wilderness were heard. — Approach,
 Ye boasted sages of proud Greece ! and Rome !
 Approach this sacred scene ! and blush. Attend,
 Oh vain Philosophy ! thou wand'ring light !
 Which hast so oft misled our steps, attend !
 And prostrate at this heav'nly shrine, lament
 Thy blindness, and forego thy pride ; here cast
 Thy trophies down, undeck thyself of all
 Thy borrow'd plumes, and own the fountain whence
 Thy hoary fons receiv'd the living fire,
 Which animates the glowing page they penn'd.

Oh

Oh happy David ! whose exalted soul
 Such heav'nly ardour breath'd ; thrice happy thou !
 To frame the blest'd design, altho' deny'd
 The full completion of thy fervent wish.
 That holy care the God of peace reserv'd
 For thy lov'd Son, whose hands the bloody sword
 Of ruthless war had ne'er defil'd, whom Heav'n
 Had crown'd with every gift his heart could frame,
 His fond ideas paint. — Yes, favour'd prince !
 That envied happiness was thine ; 'twas thee
 Th' Almighty chose among the sons of men,
 To dedicate a temple to his name,
 Where he, whose awful presence fills the vast
 Immenfity of space, who makes the clouds
 His chariot, rides sublime the whirlwind's wing,
 And guides the raging storm, would deign to dwell,
 And make his presence known. — Th' exalted task
 Thy princely wisdom worthily perform'd ;
 The pride of every region, every clime,
 Thy pious care selected for the work,
 And brought to Solyma ; whose magazines
 Th' united produce of the world contain'd.
 Here might be seen the treasures of the East,
 The boasted wealth of Taprobana's * shores,
 With varied splendour struck the dazzled eye,

* Bochart's Chanaan, B. I. Ch. 46.

And

And sham'd thy radiant light, oh Sun! — Beneath
 Thy soft'ring hand, the glorious structure rose,
 Whose haughty front on massy pillars built,
 Contemn'd the earth, and menaced the stars.
 Whose roofs, and walls, for which old Lebanon
 Gave up the pride of years, with precious gems,
 And gold were overlaid; whose lofty gates
 On golden hinges hung, unfolding wide
 With solemn sound, which thro' the fretted vaults
 In pealing ecchoes ran, display'd the vast
 Magnificence which struck th' astonish'd view,
 Where every grace, and beauty, art could frame,
 Or human skill invent, blaz'd on the sight. —
 But chief the inner house, the holy seat
 Design'd to guard the blessed covenant
 Which Heav'n with man had made, employ'd thy care.
 The em'rald's vivid hue, the diamond's glow,
 Whose lucid rays the absence of the sun
 Supplied, compos'd its sacred walls. Here stood
 The consecrated vessels, highly wrought
 Of bright Parvaïm gold, where branching palms,
 And Cherubs mystic forms, the sculptor's pow'r
 And wondrous art display'd. Here too was plac'd
 The holy altar, where the great high Priest
 Each year presented to the throne of Heav'n
 The blood of victims, and invok'd the God

OF

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Of sacrifice, to hear a nation's pray'r.
 Two lofty Cherubins with wings of gold,
 Of gold from Ophir brought, extended wide
 The entrance kept, and spread a solemn shade:
 And lest unhallow'd hands should dare defile
 The sacred utensils, or curious pry
 Into the holy mysteries, a veil
 Conceal'd them from the view, through which the Priest
 Alone presum'd to pass, — But stop, my Muse!
 Where is the adamantyne pen, whose course
 Unwearied as the Sun, has strength to paint
 Those endless wonders, where the ravish'd eye
 From beauty, rang'd to beauty, without end.
 Oh glorious Temple! worthy of the God
 Whose splendid shrine thou wast! what can compare
 With Thee? — Ye wonders of the Heathen world!
 Ye boasted wonders! where is now your pride?
 Ye pyramids! whose tow'ring heads arose
 Into the sky, and darkned Egypt's land;
 Ye walls of Babylon! the far-fam'd work
 Of her, who with a woman's form possess'd
 The noble firmness of a manly soul;
 Where is your grandeur now? — Your honour's lost,
 Your glory is eclips'd. — Ye works of vanity!
 Unworthy incense to the pride of Man!
 Ye trophies of destroying Time! Your fame

One

One day shall fail without a vestige left
 To shew you once have been.—Not so shalt Thou,
 Thrice hallow'd Pile ! whose Heav'n-inspir'd design
 Seraphic love, and pious ardour breath'd.
 For tho' an impious Tyrant's daring hand,
 Shall cast thy bulwarks to the ground, and tread
 Thy glory in the dust, thy memory
 Shall last, pure as th' unsullied light of Heav'n,
 Recorded in that hallow'd page, whose truths,
 Whose sacred truths shall live, when years shall roll
 No more, and every period which has mark'd
 The furrow'd cheek of Time, amid the vast,
 Unfathom'd ocean of Eternity
 Be lost.—

* The golden season of the year
 Now hast'ned on, when yellow-haired Autumn,
 His head with swelling sheaves, and purple fruits
 Encircled, pours his choicest treasures forth.
 Fair Nature's glowing pencil, dipt amid
 The blushing tints which deck the bow of Heav'n,
 With rip'ned beauty paints the waving scene.
 The Sun now darts no more that burning rage,
 Whose fierce effulgence drives the fainting world,
 To seek the cooling stream, or shady bow'r ;
 His sweetest beams he sheds, attemper'd soft

* It was in the month Ethanim that the people were assembled.

Thro'

Thro' fleecy clouds, whose animating warmth
 With wild luxuriance strews the lap of earth,
 And crowns the smiling fields with gen'rous plenty.—
 'Twas then Judea's pious King, beneath
 Whose fost'ring care the costly edifice,
 The labour'd work of many a year, receiv'd
 That solemn grandeur which became the pride,
 And wonder of succeeding times ; proclaim'd
 A solemn feast, and call'd to Salem's tow'rs
 The sons of Judah, scatter'd wide around
 Her distant hills, from Hermon, to the mount
 Of Horeb, down whose rock-encumber'd side,
 In plenteous torrents roll'd the chrystal stream,
 Struck by that potent Rod, which once stretch'd forth
 Upon the sedgy waters of old Nile,
 To putrid gore his circling waves congeal'd.—
 As when the fountains of the roaring deep,
 No longer bursting o'er their cavern'd bed,
 Had ceas'd to pour their swelling billows forth,
 Nor one unbounded sea this earthly ball
 O'erwhelm'd ; th' unnumber'd species who escap'd
 The wild uproar, and universal wreck,
 Descended from the cloud-envelop'd top
 Of Ararat, to plant the desert waste,
 And animate the lifeless globe ;— so rush'd
 The num'rous race of Jacob, to behold

The

The sacred pomp, and join the general joy.
 Scarce could her ample palaces contain
 The countless host, which crowded to her gates.
 No clouded brow was seen, but pleasure fill'd
 Each bounding heart, and sparkled in each eye.
 Pale Melancholy, with her murky train,
 And Envy's haggard cheek, accursed brood
 Of Sin and Death, far from the happy scene
 Where decent Mirth, and pious Gladness blest'd
 The circling hours, amid the dreary realms
 Of fable-hooded Night, their native clime,
 Where black-brow'd Darkness flaps his raven wings,
 Their horrid shapes, and squalid looks conceal'd.
 The bounteous King each care supplied, and grac'd
 The festive board, where joyous Plenty smil'd,
 And generous goblets crown'd the rich repast. —
 At length the morn which brought the hallow'd day,
 Design'd to solemnize the mysteries,
 And consecrate to Heav'n's eternal King
 The glorious fabric to his honour rais'd,
 With rosy steps advanc'd, purpling the East.
 Soon as the flaming car of light had left
 Old Ocean's bed, and bounding up Heav'n's vault
 Upon the gloomy world had pour'd the flood
 Of day; the trumpet's lofty sound the rites
 Proclaim'd, and to the royal palace call'd

The

The Priests, the Elders, and th' unnumber'd crowd,
Which fill'd the walls of Solyma. The grand
Procession thence began.—First march'd the guards
In burnish'd arms resplendent to the sun.

The victims next, more num'rous than the flocks,
And lowing herds, upon a thousand hills,
An offering of peace approach'd.—To these
The great high Priest, in sacred vestments rob'd,
Succeeded, holding in his aged hands
The knife of Sacrifice. His silver locks
A mitre, rich inlaid with pearls, adorn'd,
Upon whose front these characters were grav'd
In words of gold, HOLINESS TO THE LORD.
Around his trembling limbs, which bent beneath
The weight, was wrapt a purple ephod deck'd
With costly gems, and gold; and on his breast
The mystic Urim, and the Thummim shone.
Behind were seen the Priests, and Levites, cloath'd
In linen garments white as mountain snow,
Bearing the holy ark, with reverence,
And awe. Around in order march'd the fingers,
Hymning Jehovah's name in songs of praise.
With every strain the silver trumpets breath'd
Their swelling notes, and pierc'd the ambient air;
At which th' attendant throng enraptur'd join'd
The num'rous choir in shouts of heart-felt joy,

And

And sang Hosannahs to the King of Kings,
 Who was, and is, and is to come, 'till Heav'n's
 Capacious dome re-eccho'd to the sound.
 Next came the king array'd in crimson robes,
 And seated on a car of solid gold.
 Around him walk'd the nobles of his court,
 In purple cloath'd of richest hue, the work
 Of Tyre, for skill, and cunning fam'd. — Behind
 Appear'd the guards, who clos'd the pompous scene ;
 Which round the city's wide-stretch'd circuit march'd
 With slow and solemn pace, until they reach'd
 The Temple's lofty gates, whose ample round
 The num'rous train admitted ; where arriv'd,
 Within the sanctuary's hallow'd space
 They plac'd the Ark, and while the great High Priest
 With due lustrations sanctify'd the courts,
 And solemniz'd the mysteries, again
 They struck the chorded shell, and caroll'd sweet
 Th' impassion'd hymn of praise.—The destin'd victims
 Upon the altar bound, he now approach'd,
 To plunge into their breasts the sacred knife,
 When Solomon descending from his seat,
 Where underneath a canopy of gold
 Sublime he sat, and bending low, address'd
 The throne of Heav'n.—No more the choral song
 Was heard, their golden lyres no more breath'd forth

U

The

The melting rapture, every voice was hush'd,
 A death-like silence reign'd around, and mute
 Attention dwelt upon each tongue.—Oh Thou
 Who erst didst open Zacharias' lips,
 Eternal Spirit ! searcher of all hearts !
 Breathe thro' my inmost soul that light divine,
 Whose pure unclouded fountains once inspir'd
 Thy prophets mystic pens ; that I may catch
 Th' extatic fervour which inflam'd his breast,
 While raptur'd at the altar's hallow'd foot
 These sacred accents glow'd upon his tongue :

“ FATHER omnipotent ! Eternal God !
 “ Thrice holy ! self-existent ! Pow'r supreme !
 “ Whose mighty word yon massy spheres attun'd,
 “ And call'd the wonders of creation forth.
 “ Thou whom the sun in his eternal course,
 “ And morning stars inspher'd, together quire ;
 “ Jehovah, incommunicable name !
 “ Before whose awful presence, angels veil'd,
 “ With mighty Seraphim, incessant hymn
 “ Their God, in extasy of ceaseless praise.
 “ Shalt Thou, unchangeable, eternal King !
 “ Before whose ever burning throne, in chains
 “ Of adamant, Eternity, and Fate
 “ Lie bound. Who with the lightning's beam, in words
 “ Of

" Of fire, engrav'd thy everlasting laws,
 " Upon the front of Heav'n's unbounded sphere.
 " Beneath whose mighty nod, when Thou art wroth,
 " The solid mountain from its center shakes,
 " And Earth's ingulph'd foundations stand reveal'd ;
 " While Vengeance rising from his bed of woe,
 " To crush a guilty world, his crested snakes
 " Erects, and lances from his red right arm
 " The flaming thunderbolt.—Shalt Thou reside
 " In houses hands have fashion'd ? No ; beyond
 " Creation's ample circuit, where the car
 " Of day, pure fount of empyreal light !
 " Ne'er shed his all-enliv'ning beam, thy pow'r
 " Pervades, and fills th' unfathomable void
 " Of Chaos, and of Night. — Yet deign t' accept
 " This Temple sacred to thy holy name,
 " And tho' thou dwell'st on high, receive our pray'rs.
 " Forgive our past backslidings, may we grieve
 " No more that holy Spirit, which has work'd
 " Unnumber'd miracles for Israel's sons.
 " Protect thy chosen race from murd'rous snares
 " Of proud deceitful men, who hunt for blood,
 " As roams the famish'd lion for his prey.
 " Arise, oh King of Kings ! and disappoint
 " Their malice, who unmindful of their God,
 " Thy awful Majesty, thy pow'r defy,

" And bow the knee to Dagon. Who amid
 " Their nightly orgies, chant in mad'ning choirs
 " His might divine, and give to sculptur'd stones
 " Thy glory, and thy name. Turn from these walls
 " Their sacrilegious hands, whose impious rage
 " Burns to defile these hallow'd instruments,
 " These vessels to thy service consecrate.
 " Oh let no blood to idols offer'd stain
 " This holy altar, nor within these roofs,
 " To other Gods than thee, let incense smoke.
 " Descend celestial spirits! Ye who wait
 " Around the throne of God! descend, and guard
 " This heav'n-devoted shrine. Come, holy Love!
 " Meek angel! daughter mild of Innocence,
 " And Truth! leave, leave thy bright enthron'd abode
 " On high, and with Religion, fainted maid!
 " Propitious guide amid life's darksome vale
 " Our wand'ring steps. Oh send thy cherub, Hope,
 " To chase from every contrite heart, the fiend
 " Despair; and let thy mercy's gentlest ray,
 " Refreshing as the silver dew of heav'n
 " Upon the drooping flow'rs, descend to sooth
 " The weeping penitent. Breathe thro' our souls
 " Thy heav'nly ardour, teach us to implore
 " His tender mercies, whose paternal love
 " Forgave our disobedience. May our hearts

" In

" In duty firm, obsequious to his will
 " His laws obey, and to his name alone
 " Our adorations give, 'till wrapt beyond
 " That starry canopy, where Seraphs sweep
 " Their living lyres, and sing in notes divine
 " The endless wonders of creative pow'r,
 " We join th' immortal choir, and tune our harps
 " To endless raptures, and eternal praise." —

He ceas'd. When lo! a mighty noise was heard
 Of rushing winds, and fire from heav'n consum'd
 The sacrifice. Upon the holy seat
 The Shechinah descended, and illum'd
 The temple's spacious walls with radiant glory.
 A burning cloud it seem'd, like that which erst
 Attended Judah's sons, when to avoid
 The galling load of Pharaoh's iron sway,
 From Egypt's land they fled. The unnumber'd Host
 Amazed at the sight, with holy awe
 Their faces veil'd, and prostrate on the ground
 In hallelujahs hymn'd Jehovah's name,
 To him alone ascribing majesty,
 And pow'r. Jehovah's name the vaulted roofs
 Rebound; their acclamations pierce the skies,
 And with the smoke of sacrifice ascend
 A grateful incense to the throne of God. —

THE
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BY
GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

WRITTEN FOR MR. SEATON'S PRIZE, BUT REJECTED.

M DCC LVII.

U 4

THE



THE
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

FOE to each strain, which fooths th' unhallow'd ear,
And violates the dignity of song,
The Christian Muse exults to catch her flame
From altars of the living God, to drink
Her inspiration from the fount of Truth.
Glorious her theme and solemn ! fit to swell
The raptures of a Seraph, when with hymn
Ecstatic, to his golden harp attun'd,
He makes the throne of Deity resound.

Deign, Holy Spirit, in thy SIBYL's breast,
If pure the shrine, and for th' illapse prepar'd,
To plant a ray of thy celestial light,
That so the visionary maid, enlarg'd
Her tone and feature, may with awful sound
Utter immortal mysteries, may sing
The glories of thy kingdom : how, transfixt

With

When the world, unsubstantial as its joys,
Shall like a fleeting shadow melt away,
What shall sustain the soul? What shoot a beam
Of consolation thro' the solid gloom?
What? but a retrospection of the past,
If, brighten'd with good deeds, the prospect shew
No darker spots than errors of surprize:
If, list'd in the service of thy God,
Tenacious of thine oath thou flood'st the siege
Of Satan, unsubdu'd, tho' all his wiles
Combin'd with direful enginery assail'd
The more than stoic fortrefs of thy heart:
Or if, seduc'd, and yielding to his snares,
Thy soul, with deep contrition smit, bewail'd
Her base defection, and with fervent pray'r,
And vow'd amendment to the throne of grace
Suppliant return'd, and struggled for the boon.
Then Conscience, flame implanted from above
To guide thro' life's dark wild our devious steps,
(That smiles an angel, or a dæmon frowns)
Will sing her soothing requiem to thy breast.
Much will it cheer thee, if amidst the crowd
An orphan or a widow meet thine eye,
Whose lighten'd woes confess'd thy fost'ring hand:
If mild forgiveness in thy bosom glow'd,
Thy friends embracing, nor excluding foes.

This

This thy blest Saviour, unexhausted source
 Of love and mercy ! when He deign'd to shroud
 The Godhead in Mortality's frail robe,
 Enjoin'd and practis'd. Heaven is bound to pay
 What man's benevolence expends on man.
 Than Charity no fairer sweeter flow'r
 The Christian chaplet weaves. All other virtues
 Their end attain'd shall cease for ever. Hope
 Shall in Fruition's ocean be absorpt,
 And Faith in Certainty's meridian blaze.
 But this sweet bud, transplanted from the bleak
 Ungenial nursery below, shall bloom
 Immortal in ambrosial EDEN's bow'rs,
 And with diffusive odours glad all heaven.

Thus taught to shun the perils of that storm,
 Which shall the Wicked wreck, but waft the Good,
 Propitious, to calm ports of endless joy ;
 The Muse embolden'd will her task pursue,
 And all the dread amazing scene unfold :
 Reckless, tho' man condemn her frigid strain,
 If Heav'n her modulated life applaud,
 The better song ! and in that solemn day,
 Which trembling now she meditates to sing,
 Deign to bestow the bright unwith'ring wreath.

Time

Time's most stupendous birth, by glaring types
Prefigur'd, by the dark mysterious voice
Of holy seers announc'd, by God himself
(Empty'd of glory, and in flesh reveal'd)
Foreshewn in noontide lustre, now disclos'd
Frowns horrible on Earth's awaken'd sons.
Yet (so insensate, and obdur'd his guilt)
Tho' the most awful ensigns of dismay,
Dark'ning the face of Nature, had proclaim'd
The world's approaching obsequies, yet Man
Grasps sublunary shadows, pictur'd clouds,
And anchors on the tossing wave his hope.
So in the days of NOAH, tho' forewarn'd,
Ere the flood burst, and whelm'd their impious Heads,
The playful votaries of BELIAL gorg'd
Their rav'ning palate, and in all the luxe
Of lawless joys, and wild intemp'rance rag'd.
But now, like centinels asleep by those
They dread surpriz'd, they start, they stare, they groan,
And read their woeful sentence in their fears.

For lo! the Judge, with Myriads in his train,
Angelic cohorts, hierarchal pow'rs,
And all the thron'd dominions of the sky,
Proud to adorn the triumphs of this day,
From the bright Empyréan bends to earth

His

His radiant progress. Earth to th' inmost center
Shakes to and fro astounded. Hark ! the trump
Ætherial pours the sleep-dispelling blast,
And bellows in the concave of her womb
Parturient of life, and big with man.
Nature reverst her Lord's behest obeys,
Her Dead with breath inspir'd, her Quick transform'd.
The vaulted tombs, the cloud-capt pyramids,
Hear the loud-echo'd summons, and refund
The treasur'd reliques, faithful to their trust.
Nor only labours monumental Earth
With human births: Each element throughout
Glow in this work ; and feels the seeds of man
Unravel from its complicated mafs.
From the four winds, by voice divine compell'd,
Thick swarming atoms thro' the clouded air
Precipitate their flight, to build anew
The moulder'd frame ; no more to be dissolv'd !
And now its pristin tenement renew'd,
The soul long exil'd, which perhaps had roam'd,
A restless fugitive, the blue expanse,
Or, wheeling nearer to lov'd earth her flight
Hover'd impatient o'er th' imprison'd corse ;
Or, couching on the confines of her doom,
Had wish'd, or fear'd the grand decisive day ;

True

True to its nuptial tie, this soul returns,
And weds a partner, which shall live for ever.

O rapture to the just ! to think that they,
When ev'ry planet, stricken from its orb,
Shall fade, and o'er a ruin'd universe
Darkness incumbent spread her raven wing,
That they, emerging from the wreck, shall shine,
Like clust'ring stars around the sun of glory,
In firmaments unconscious of decay !
See ! how their brighten'd cheek with transport glows,
As, rising from their dank and wormy bed,
They moult corruption ! All on wing they dart
Their wishes, and anticipate the skies.
Ah ! how unlike the wicked ! The scar'd Muse
Starts at the conjur'd spectres. Grant, O Lord,
The Poet may not in that group be seen ;
But shun those terrors, which in fancy chill
His blood, and with a Stygian vapour blot
Each fair idea dawning on his mind !
Slow and reluctant from their dungeon's gloom
They rise unjoyous. Happier, if they ne'er
Had risen from Death's dark oblivious vale !
On their dim faded brow sits pale Dismay,
And from their haggard eyes, shockt with each sight,
Each

Each sound that meets their ear, wild Horror glares :
And Desperation, that internal Hell,
Their mien with Sorrow's darkest shade imbrowns.

But, hark ! again the trumpet's direful clang,
Mixt with triumphal shouts of banner'd hosts
Rushing from high, th' affrighted welkin rends,
And to a congregated world proclaims
The Deity's approach. On radiant clouds
From purest æther spun, as on a car,
Borne thro' the yielding air he comes, and Earth,
Unable to sustain th' effulgent beam
Of Godhead, with her adamant hills
Shrinks at his presence, and like wax dissolves.
'Lo ! thro' the vast extensive cope of Heaven
Swells an immeasurable arch, with all
The gay diversities of light distinct,
The dread tribunal of our Judge. Imblaz'd
With Glory's richest vesture, there he sits
Obvious to ev'ry eye. Stars confluent crowd
Into a wreath imperial for their King.
His glance outshines the sun ; and, when he waves
Th' ambrosial beamy tresses of his head,
Tremble the skies, and all creation shakes.

Transcendent majesty of CHRIST ! sublim'd
To splendor from contempt, to highest bliss

X

From

From depths of woe for us sustain'd ! how chang'd
 From him, whose sacred temples bled beneath
 Th' insulting pressure of a thorny crown !
 From him, who judg'd, condemn'd by vassal Man,
 Death's deadliest pang endur'd ; and, to the Sun
 Expos'd, who fled the spectacle abhorr'd,
 Shook CALVARY's dire top, and SALEM's tow'rs
 With groans of agonizing Deity !
 Look up, affrighted ISRAEL, and confess,
 Amazingly convinc'd, thy sad mistake.
 See there th' anointed Lord ; the same who press'd
 Thee with endearing call beneath the wings
 Of healing mercy to repose, when erst
 He sojourn'd in thy tents ; a GOD unown'd ;
 Tho' Nature thunder'd to each sense the truth,
 Suspended at his beck her pow'rs, or chang'd !
 How this his glorious advent, grac'd with pomp
 Brighter than that thy carnal hope presag'd
 Of the first advent, fatally o'erlook'd,
 Harrows thy soul ! how all thy Elders mourn !
 How droops thy Sanhedrim, abasht to view
 The flaming Banner, and the sentenc'd Judge !

Yet Mercy in that bosom sits enthron'd,
 E'en for his foes an advocate, and melts
 The wrathful flashes of that awful brow

Into

Into soft beams of tenderness. The blest
 Redeemer mitigates the Judge's frown.
 Else who so pure, and incorrupt of heart,
 As with unshaken hope to fix his eye
 On Majesty's insufferable blaze,
 In terrors dreadfulest array reveal'd?

And now th' Archangel's trumpet thro' the vast
 Expanse of universe, which trembling swells
 The lengthen'd peal, the dire citation sounds.
 High, o'er the Judgment-seat, triumphant floats,
 The dread of infidels, the christian's boast,
 Th' ennobled Cross. Where'er its glories stream,
 Eternal crimson paints the blushing scene.
 The Sword of Justice, by a Seraph wav'd,
 Illumines the wide air, and hung aloft
 Th' eventful righteous Balance flames with gold.
 Hither, in one diffusive area's space,
 By sweeping whirlwinds level'd to a plain,
 ADAM's collective progeny conven'd,
 Myriads on myriads crowd; in number more
 Than billowing sands, by winds tempestuous driven
 Thro' LIBYA's treach'rous soil. How undistinguish'd
 Thy armies here, proud XERXES, at whose touch
 Rivers exhausted shrunk! What but a drop
 To ocean added, and in ocean lost?

See ! how Earth's cedars bow their with'ring head,
 Scath'd with the lightnings, which incessant break
 From yon tremendous throne ! How quake her CÆSARS,
 Her NIMRODS and her BOURBONS, lawless chiefs,
 Beneath whose wasteful sword unpeopled realms,
 Ambition's victim, bled ! whose laurels bloom'd,
 And wanton'd in the widow's flowing tears,
 Their guilty joys bought with mankind's distress !
 Curst the vain triumph, and the trophy'd Arc,
 And all the proud memorials of their rage,
 The stricken heroes mourn, and wish atchiev'd
 Those victories, to which th' angelic host
 Thro' Heav'n's glad courts applause Pæans sing,
 Immortal victories, and worthy Man,
 O'er passions conquer'd, and o'er self subdu'd.
 Not so the potentate, whose spotless life,
 Pure as his ermine, shone ; who ne'er the sword
 Unsheathe'd, but when Religion ask'd its aid,
 Or his lov'd Country, groaning under wrongs,
 Bade him Oppression's insolence chastise :
 Flush'd with gay hopes, and panting for the palm,
 He views th' unfading crown, for which he toil'd,
 Amidst the soft allurements of a throne
 Firm and unshaken, when Earth saw him shed
 Balm from his sceptre o'er a foster'd realm.
 Ye virtuous ALFREDS, GEORGES, ANNES, ELIZAS,
Protectors

Protectors of your country and mankind,
 Lift up the brow of confidence, assume
 Th' unblushing mien of grandeur, and behold
 Th' exceeding weight of glory, which your King
 Awards to all, who made the throne a step
 To mount their blest ambition to the skies.

The world's distinctions, and its glossy plumes
 Are vanish'd. Here the goodness of the heart,
 Exuberant in fruits of holy life,
 Gives man the just pre-eminence o'er man.
 The Monarch, if, to ev'ry lust a slave,
 He bruis'd his subjects with an iron rod,
 And issuing from th' imperial den, on blood
 And rapine bent, with ruin mark'd his way,
 Outcast from light, and to congenial fiends
 Consign'd, reverse deplorable ! surveys
 The beggar diadem'd, and thron'd in bliss.
 All greatness, but what aggrandizes man,
 Diminish'd shrinks. Pale Beauty hides her face
 Once prais'd, than loath'd Deformity more foul,
 Unless fair Virtue, beaming from within,
 Sheds a celestial radiance o'er the mien.
 Proud boastful Science, o'er the midnight lamp
 So oft in vain researches poring, droops
 To see the sage now dwindle to a fool,

X 3

Who

Who ne'er in ZENO's porch, or PLATO's grove,
Explor'd the path to happiness and GOD.

None more exult, or with more heighten'd bloom
Impurpled, on the dread tribunal fix
The eye serene uprais'd, than those whose breast
Glow'd with extensive charity, and bade
The stream benign in widen'd channels run,
To distant ages circulating joy,
And solace as it flow'd. Lo! HENRY leads
Th' illustrious band. The clouds, which here o'ercast
His pensive brow, the storms, which vex'd his reign,
Are dissipated all. Immortal Hope
Distends his heart, and glitters in his eye.
Blood-stain'd usurper, how the scorpion whip
Of Conscience ulcerates thy bleeding soul!
How dost thou with BOSWORTH's less dreaded plain
Had giv'n the last decision to thy fate!
Hail, pious prince! and to thy virtues due
A crown receive, which no rapacious hand
Shall ravish: view a moment's woes outweigh'd
By an eternity of solid bliss.

Now palsy'd Fear the whole assembly shakes,
And bursting sighs o'er all the void resound:
Now e'en the Good misgivings feel. For lo

The

The seal of adamant is broke, and open'd,
Big with the fate of man, th' eternal book.
The Angels, anxious for this hour which clears
The mazes of the moral plan, unveils
Mysterious depths, which erst intent to scan
They stoop'd, and of their wand'ring found no end,
Throng round the Judge unnumber'd, and behold,
Astonisht, ev'ry dark enigma solv'd,
And providence asserted in his ways.
The marshal'd world, obedient to command,
Forms a two-fold division ; on the right
The Just, the Wicked on the left are rang'd.
So when the genial spring the turgid gems
Unlocks, and breathes a verdure o'er the meads,
The shepherd, sedulous to pour his flock
O'er the fresh pasture, the mixt troop surveys,
And bids the fetid and lascivious herd
Graze from the bleating innocents disjoin'd.
Suspense awhile, and dread Amazement holds
The still creation motionless : when lo !
The sounding Alchymy, by breath inspir'd
Of Archangelic Herald, rings a peal
Of summons to the righteous, to attend
The Judge, and hear enounc'd their final doom.
Thin shades of doubt amidst the conscious gleams
Bright'ning their front are interpos'd. As when

A ROMAN chief, from the well-foughten field
 Returning, felt alternate passions sway
 His breast, now hoping, fearing now left all
 His labours might disparag'd sink below
 'The envy'd prize of Triumph's festal pomp.

With placid brow, at which the æther smiles
 Flush'd with redundancy of light, the Judge
 Surveys the chosen flock, and sheds abroad
 Peace o'er their hearts, and lustre o'er their mien.
 Meek dove-ey'd Innocence, with Slander's darts
 Oft here transpierc'd, and in the shuffled crowd
 Of accidents with Guilt confounded, pure
 And spotless as the recent snow appears.
 Her stern accusers wither at the sight,
 While Cherubs, with benevolence o'erflowing,
 Clap their exulting wings, rejoic'd to view
 Effulgence of their sanctitude, and long
 'To waft their sister spirit to the skies.
 Omniscience pleas'd the honest heart inspects,
 His noblest work; and bares the deep recess,
 Where Charity and Virtue sit enshrined.
 Each unambitious grace, which, like the rose
 'That paints th' untrodden wild, in secret bloom'd,
 Too delicate to bear the ruffling breath
 Of worldly praise, now beams in open day,

And

And its unfolded beauties spreads before
 Applauding angels, and a smiling God.
 The stains, which to the best below adhere,
 Moles in a well-shap'd body thinly sown,
 Are by the candid Judge, without a frown,
 From Heav'n's memorial books eras'd for ever,

O glorious trial ! where the Just, like gold
 By friendly fire refin'd, with added weight
 And splendor shine conspicuous, on the stage
 Of an assembled world proclaim'd aloud
 Their merit, and by lift'ning saints extoll'd !
 See suff'ring Worth exult, her utmost wish
 Now more than gratify'd ! the weighty meed
 O'er pays her woes, and with a boundless tide
 Perennial pleasures burst upon her soul.
 How glow Religion's Chiefs, whom threats nor flames
 Could e'er subdue ; nor all the study'd pains,
 Which witty Malice forg'd, could ever shake
 From the firm basis of their high resolve !
 Their gracious God inclines his head, and nods
 His approbation, in their sorrows pleas'd
 To recognize his own : the heav'nly Band
 The victors greet with pæans, and rejoice
 To add the steady phalanx to their roll.

Hush'd

Hush'd be ye winds ! and Earth and Æther, wrapt
In silence, listen to your Maker's voice
Mellifluous, which aloud the mild award
Enounces thro' your regions. " Come, ye Blest,
" Share the unfading pleasures of my realm,
" Coheirs of bliss, my fire's adopted sons."
Rapt at the sound the Just, a shining train,
The yielding clouds divide, by angel wings
Convoy'd in triumph thro' th' aerial space,
With Hallelujahs, and the dulcet strain
Of harps resounding. Round his throne the Judge
The gather'd Faithful ranks in sev'ral files
Proportion'd to their worth, all stars ordain'd
Orbs to relume by Satan and his crew
Rebellious voided, but in glory each
From each now diff'ring, as on earth their deeds.
How vast the rapture, infinite the joy
From breast to breast rebounding ! how inflam'd
With love ineffable the bridegroom burns,
To meet the pure unspotted spouse, in all
The heighten'd charms of Piety array'd !
How the Redeemer with complacency hails,
The glorious ransom of his precious blood,
His saints, from ev'ry quarter of the globe
Conven'd, assessors of his throne, to hear
Guilt sentenc'd, and applaud her righteous doom !

See

See! on the left what consternation broods
O'er all the lowering prospect! how desponds
The miscreant throng! how frantic ev'ry look,
And speaking gesture! what a burst of groans
Declares the direful bodings of their soul!
For now the Wicked, like a rushing sea
Turbid with stormy gusts, their cited numbers
Pour round the bar, and deluge all the plain.
Lust, Murder, Avarice, and rancour'd Hate,
And Persecution, varnished o'er with zeal,
And foul Hypocrisy, beneath the veil
Of fair Religion lurking, grisly forms,
Touch'd by a ray, quick flashing from the throne,
Start up in native ghastliness reveal'd.
How vain the caitif's artifice, which oft
O'er baffled Justice triumph'd, now the Judge
Omniscient scans his life, and brings to light
Each hidden purpose, each unwitness'd deed!
Th' invenom'd heart, its mazy folds evolv'd,
And ev'ry cell disclos'd, where Malice sate
Hatching dire treasons, massacres, and ills,
Trembles beneath a searching God. Appall'd
Heav'n's habitants look down, with horror viewing
Humanity degraded to a fiend.

Ah!

Ah ! how they writhe their limbs, and gnash their teeth,
With tortures inly rackt, agham'd to view
Blazon'd their crimson spots, afraid to meet
The glances of Omnipotence enrag'd,
Th' offended JESUS to confront, whose laws
They trampled under foot, whose name they mock'd,
And glorying in their scandal, still rebell'd,
By all his gracious offers unreclaim'd !
In vain to rocks they call, in yawning depths
To whelm their heads abasht. Alas ! the rocks
Soon will their fuel'd entrails scatter wide,
And nought remain a monument of wrath
Divine, but Man, apostate Man, condemn'd
To feed th' undying worm, to howl in fire,
His torments coextended with his being.

And now with aspect, kindled into rage
Tenfold, at which earth, air, and sea around
Float with redundant flames, with voice, at which
Trembles Heaven's wide circumference, the Judge
The stern award enounces. " Go, ye Curst,
" To fire, as everlasting as your souls,
" For Satan and his impious host prepar'd."

Strait at the found destroying Angels pour
Their wrathful vials o'er a world proscrib'd,

A guilty

A guilty world ! which saw its Maker bleed.
Incessant thunders thro' th' aerial vault
Roll the big mutt'ring peal, and lightnings glare
Terrific thro' the gloom. The sun, the moon,
With blood discolour'd, o'er the darken'd scene
Scowl horror and amaze : stars from their sphere
With hideous ruin and combustion rush.
Convulsive tremors rock the reeling earth,
And from her riven womb, where prison'd slept
Till now, in min'ral or metallic beds,
The vengeful ministers, embody'd flames
Shoot the long spiry trail, and billowing push
O'er many a spacious realm and region wide
The ruddy torrent. Ah ! what havock reigns !
How Desolation o'er the prostrate globe
Furious her scythe-arm'd chariot drives, and all
Its boasted splendor levels with the dust !
Where are the giant-sons of Earth, the ALPS,
And APENNINES, the PYRENEAN cliffs,
Proud boundaries of kingdoms ? Where huge ATLAS,
Who frown'd tremendous o'er the subject surge ?
All, like the snow which glitter'd on their tops,
Melted before the presence of the LORD,
Are perish'd, and no vestige left behind.
Ah ! vanish'd is that spot, for justice fam'd,
Of injur'd states th' Asylum, Queen of Isles,

BRITANNIA.

BRITANNIA. Oh! my country! there she sinks
Whelm'd in the fiery flood, and ambient seas,
Once her strong bulwark, but augment the blaze,
Empires renown'd, where erst contention rag'd
To add fresh laurels to the victor's brow,
Join'd in one fate, an undistinguish'd mass
Of ruin lie, a monument to shew
How vain Ambition's most successful toil.
The raging tumult thickens, and Uproar,
'Midst Nature's groans, and crush of elements
Holds her licentious anarchy. The pow'rs
Of Heaven are shaken, and yon unpillar'd arch,
Earth's gorgeous canopy, with fervent heat
Melts, like a scroll convolv'd, to viewless air.
Th' angust affize now finish'd 'midst the loud
Plaudits of wond'ring Angels, darkness drops
The curtain o'er Creation. Oh! what plaints,
What yells resound, while rolling in the surge
Sulphureous, kindled by the Almighty's blast
Th' eternal Tophet, Myriads howl and wish
They in the gen'ral wreck cou'd lose their being!

His ways asserted, and unerring right
In each proportion'd recompense display'd,
The Judge all-glorious rises from his throne,
And with his bright retinue wings his car

Triumphal

Triumphal thro' the skies, to heavenly SION
In radiant pomp ascending. Angels strike
Their golden chords, and melody divine
Exulting thro' the ætherial region floats.
On their gay foreheads amaranthine crowns
Of joy, immortal praises in their mouths,
The ransom'd faints their Saviour hail, and loud
Hosannas from unnumber'd voices pour'd
Swell the glad jubilee. Heav'n's op'ning portals
Shook with the festive acclamations ring.



T H E

THE
R E D E M P T I O N:
A
M O N O D Y.

BY
J. SCOTT, M. A.

Τοι οἷα πάντων Κυριοι γενικώτατοι,
Και παῖρα, τέλει διατελεῖ τιμῶν, μόνον
Αγαθὸν τοῦτων ευρετὴν κτίσθρα.

Frag. Menand.

M DCC LXIII.

THE

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader need not be told that the following Poem was written for SEATON'S PRIZE, and rejected. It is not now published as an appeal to the Public from the sentence of the Judges; but as it may afford half an hour's innocent entertainment to the Reader.

The Author chose this contracted plan for two reasons: one was, that he might keep clear of Arguments pro and con, which if unskilfully handled are as ridiculous in poetry, as wooden swords in skirmishes at a puppet-show; and the other, that he might not trespass upon the Reader's patience by entering too prolixly into a subject, which is better suited for a large volume, than a small pamphlet.

The poetical Reader need not be told that the Metre is an imitation of that, which Milton hath used in his *Lygidas*. —



T H E

R E D E M P T I O N.

DAUGHTERS of Jove, no more! — Adieu, ye
Maids,

Whose visionary forms have met my eye ;
Whether I mus'd by Anio's headlong steep,
Or by the fabled haunts of Castaly,
Or where Cephissus joins the billowy deep ;
Or where thro' groves, and olive-woven shades,
Ilissus rolls his stream ;
For now a loftier theme
Demands my song, REDEMPTION's wondrous plan,
And thy sad sufferings, O my God, for Man !

But come, O Virgin-muse of Sion, come,
Come gently, and my breast inspire
With some faint sparks of that seraphic fire,
Whose beams refulgent glow'd,
When bursting thro' the womb
Of dark futurity, " A God, a God,"

Pro-

Proclaim'd aloud the heav'n-enlighten'd Seer,
 " From Bosrah lo he comes mighty to save,
 " Mighty to triumph o'er the grave ! " —
 And all the oaks of Bashan stoop to hear,
 And Lebanon's attentive cedars bow'd.

But turn, O turn thine eyes
 To where with groves of Palm, and Olive crown'd,
 On the fair bosom of the mountain lies
 The Garden's holy ground !
 For there my Saviour's bitter agonies
 Began ; there from th' Abyss profound
 Of blackest Hell, a stream of horror flow'd,
 And overwhelm'd his pure and innocent soul ;
 Or ere his sacred blood
 Had wash'd, had cleans'd us from pollutions foul,
 And seal'd anew the League 'twixt Man and God.

Dark rose the dreadful Night,
 And not one sprightly note, or pleasing sound,
 Was heard to breathe around :
 The Shepherds sat with silent horror mute,
 And charm'd no more their pipe or jocund flute ;
 And Philomel her wonted strain forbore :
 How could she sing, while from the blasted oak
 The hoarse night-ravens croak,
 And Screech-owls moan aloud in dire affright,

And

And screaming from the pool with hideous cry
Aloof the Bitterns fly ;
While clouds impetuous burst with horrid roar,
And Spectres shriek, and Ghosts unholy yell,
And mutt'ring in the black and turbid air
Dæmons and fiends of hell,
Array'd in livid flames, terrific glare ?

Earth to the center shook,
And universal Nature quakt for fear,
As if her end was near ;
While ev'ry pale Star, with distemper'd look,
Shot from the sky :—and well, O well they might
When he was doom'd to agonizing pain,
Who bade them flame on high,
The fairest gems in heav'n's fair canopy,
And fill'd their orbs with everlasting light.
But now see where he lies
On the cold ground, expos'd to thick dank air,
And all the fury of the madding skies !
See how each nerve and vein
Trembles and throbs with torture ; how his eyes
Start from their seat with anguish and despair !
What drops of sanguine sweat roll down amain
From his fair limbs ! “ O Father, O remove
“ If possible this cup ; yet not my will,

Y 4

“ But

“ But thine be done ! ” O agonizing Love,
O Grace beyond compare !
Swift thro’ the yielding air
The words upflew to heav’n, and all the Quire
Of blessed Angels stood in speechless trance :
Aside they flung their harps of golden wire,
And in their bow’rs of amaranthine shade
For one short moment stay’d
Their ardent songs of rapture and of praise,
While wonder-struck they gaze,
O King of Suff’rings, on thy conflicts dire !

But soft ! Am I deceiv’d, or doth a ray
Of light ethereal burst thro’ yonder cloud,
And gild the mountain top with its fair beam ?
Lo down the lucid stream
An Angel glides ! he leaves his crystal sphere,
And cuts with nimble wing his liquid way
Thro’ the rank vapours of this murky air ;
Sent, O my Saviour, from thy lab’ring breast
To drive away the horrors of despair,
And give thy sorrow-sick’ning soul to rest.

And hark, while swiftly from th’ ethereal height
This harbinger of light
Descends, what awful silence reigns around !

No

No more their rustling heads the Cedars wave,
And each aërial Sound
Creeps softly to its cave :
'The dark Clouds slumber on the mountain's brow,
And Nature stands absorb'd in dread suspense ;
While thus the Angel cheers his drooping sense,
And bids full streams of heav'nly music flow.

T H E H Y M N.

Hail * Sun of Righteousness, whose healing ray
Can pierce the darkness of Egyptian night ;
'Tho' now some earth-born clouds obstruct thy way,
Soon shalt thou blaze in thy meridian height ;
And beaming, with celestial love,
Destroy the † covering, and the veil remove,
And guide the nations with thy friendly light,
To the blest regions of eternal day.
Then, O ye Hosts on high,
Cherubs and Seraphs, that excel in might,
Ye that encircling guard the saphyr throne,
And sing Hosannas to the great THREEONE,
O praise him, praise him everlastingly !

When Man rebell'd, and from th' abyfs profound
Those miscreated monsters Sin and Death

* Malachi iv. 2.

† Isaiah xxv. 7.

A way

A way to Eden found ;
 There blasting, with their pestilential breath,
 Each herb, and fruit, and flow'r,
 Of Eve's * delicious bow'r ;
 Thou saw'st the havoc, saw'st with melting eye
 † The sad Earth labour under the horrid doom
 Of guilt, and misery ;
 Saw'st all her beauty, all her vernal bloom
 Like flow'rs frost-smitten die ;
 While heaving with convulsive pangs, and groans,
 She op'd her jaws, and yawn'd the general tomb
 Of her once happy, once immortal sons !
 At that dread hour, when statue-struck with woe
 Stood the primæval Pair,
 And wept, and loaded with their sighs the air,
 We ‡ lookt around—but lo
 Not one to pity them, not one to know !
 No Son of light, no Angel dar'd to plead,
 No Seraph intercede :
 Till Thou, the high priest, heard'st the wretches moan,
 And off'ring up their incense-breathing pray'r
 In golden censer at th' eternal throne,

* Paradise Lost, iv. 690.

† The Author purposely left this line thus unharmonious, that the
 Sound might be in accord with the Sense.

‡ Psalm lxi. 20, & Isaiah lix. 16.

“ On

" On me their Shepherd, me thy wrath employ,
 " But spare these hapless sheep, O Father, spare,
 " Let me with agonies their grief atone,
 " And all their sins, and all their sorrows bear."
 Then sang the morning Stars their hymns of joy,
 When thou, thè Father's uncreated Son,
 The promis'd * Shilo, quitting thy abode,
 That heaven of heav'ns the bosom of thy God,
 And stript of all thy blifs, and all thy glory,
 Began'st, O wondrous story,
 The task of Love, and voluntary Woe.
 Hail Word eternal ! Hail creating Mind !
 Then did the Hills, then did the Vales resound ;
 The Vale of Arnon, and the purple brow
 Of beauteous Amana, and Shenir rang,
 And all the forests of thy Carmel sang,
 When Thou, in fleshly † Tabernacle shrin'd,
 'Ganst pour the stream of blessings all around,
 And brooding over teach thy helpless care,
 As the fond Eagle doth her young, to try
 Their scarce-fledg'd plumes, and thro' the baser air
 Assert the mansions in their native sky.
 ‡ O goodly Vine, beneath whose clustring boughs
 The weary flocks repose !

* Gen. xlix. 10.

† 2 Cor. v. 1.

‡ John xv. 1.

O * Rose of Sharon ! O † Enclosure sweet
 Of chief perfumes, of spices fresh and rare !
 Wake, wake ye winds, and o'er the Garden blow,
 That all the soul-delighting scents may flow ;
 And ye, O Spirits of air
 Catch the rich odours, and to heav'n repair,
 That angels may dissolve in raptures meet !
 O ‡ Phosphor ! O effulgent Son of Morn !
 But ah how fallen, fain ! how chang'd from Him,
 Who led to war th' embattled Seraphim,
 And all the Youth of Heav'n ; whose flaming hand,
 With thunders arm'd, hurl'd from th' ethereal sky
 The arch apostate and his rebel band,
 Hurl'd them with ruin, and combustion dire,
 To bottomless perdition, there to lie
 Weltring in lakes of everliving fire !
 Yet, spotless Lamb, tho' now with wrath divine
 Thou feel'st thy adamant soul oppress ;
 Tho' Adam's sins are by adoption thine,
 And crush with heavy load thy lab'ring breast ;
 Yet quickly shall the mortal coil be o'er,
 And grief, and pain, and anguish be no more ;
 Soon shall the brightness of thy Godhead shine ;
 Ev'n now methinks thy § robes with sanguine red

* Solomon's Song, ii. 1.

† Solomon's Song, iii. 12. & infra.

‡ Rev. xxi. 16.

§ Isai, lxiii. 2.

Are

Are stain'd, like those that in the winefat tread ;
 I see, I see thee rise.
 How bright, how glorious, o'er the starry skies,
 And Sin, and Death are led
 Chain'd to thy Chariot wheels ! Hark, hark the Song
 Begins, the Song of triumph and delight,
 Which erst we sung, when from the dreadful fight
 Returning Victor all the rapturous throng
 Of Saints and Angels hail'd thee, wond'rous King,
 Almighty Lord, Heav'n's sole eternal Heir :
 Lift up your heads, ye Gates, and O prepare,
 Ye living Orbs, your everlasting doors,
 The King of Glory comes !
 What King of Glory ? — He, whose puissant might
 Subdu'd * Abaddon, and th' infernal pow'rs
 Of Darknefs bound in adamantine chains :
 Who wrapt in glory with the Father reigns
 Omnipotent, immortal, infinite !

The Angel ceas'd, and from his flinty bed
 The God-redeemer rose :
 Lull'd was his care in heav'n-inspir'd repose,
 And his sick soul with airs ethereal fed :
 Content he rose, O Father, to fulfil
 Thy fixt eternal will.

* The Angel of the bottomless pit is so called in Rev. ix. 11.

And

And now the madding crew their Saviour led
 Mild as a Lamb to slaughter, like a sheep
 Before her shearers dumb — But, O my Muse,
 Forbear! — Ev'n gnarled Oaks for grief would weep,
 And the rough rocks their briny tears diffuse,
 Should'st thou to Calvary's cleft summit rise,
 And there, in colours suited to thy woe,
 The torments and stupendous sorrows paint
 Of the great suffering Saint. —
 Oh stop, and from the humble base below
 Cast up thy tearful eyes
 To where thy Lord, and * Love was crucify'd ;
 So shall the World, and all its vanities
 Appear like dross — Ambition, Lust, and Pride
 Shall far, far off their baleful pow'rs remove,
 And in the pure unspotted mind
 Nothing remain behind,
 But Adoration, Ecstasy, and Love.

* Cyp. *Εφως ἡμῶν σταυρωταί.*

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